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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Andrew Combe, M.D. By GEORGE COMBE, Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

VERY soon after his return to London, he was seized with the first symptoms of the disease which ultimately destroyed him. It commenced, as usual, with a pain in the left side, great susceptibility to cold, slight cough, and morning perspirations.

He knew well what these portended, and set himself instantly to a careful study of the physiology of disease, with a view to stay its progress, if he could not wholly extirpate it. He bethought him that seventy years was the

appointed term of life, unless abbreviated by some neglect of the natural laws, or by accident. The physical frame contains within itself provisions for resisting and also for recovering from, the inroads of disease, which require only to be known and respected in our habitual conduct, to insure to us immunity, to a much greater extent than is generally believed, from the ills of infirm health and premature decay.

His study now was to trace these conditions of health and adapt his conduct to them.

Dr. COMBE observed a rule which others would do well to follow. He never relied on his own skill in the treatment of himself.

He used to say:—Phrenology has at least taught me one thing, that I have not two brains, one to suffer from the disease under which I labour, and another sound one to judge of my condition; I cannot, therefore, rely on my own judgment in prescribing for myself.

The delicate state of his health determined him to go to Italy. In one of his letters he makes the following reflections on

GREAT MEN'S HEADS.

When I look around me in the world, and behold those men whose names are famous from the north even to the south, and from the rising to the setting sun, and to whom mankind are accustomed almost to look up as to a race superior to themselves, and when I see the heads Providence has been pleased to place on their shoulders, I am almost inclined to suspect that we lay too much stress on causality in our opinions of others. Look at the head which makes a figure in the world, and see how rarely that pre-eminence is occupied by comparison and causality. Not once in thirty times is the head of reputation one of philosophic excellence. The philosophic head is certainly of a superior mould to that of the observing head, and its enjoyments are of a more elevated nature; and that appears to be the principal blessing attached to it, because it is less dependent on circumstances for its happiness than the other. For surely the observing head is the one for society, and for this sublunary scene. In looking at a head, how apt are phrenologists to say, "Ah! that is a good or a bad head," according to the development of comparison and causality, when, in fact, the *morale* is the most essential of all. Suppose now in my voyage that my companions had been endowed with large comparison and causality, with the captain's moral development. Instead of being happy in their society, would I not have avoided them as I would have done the devil? Neither thoughts nor feelings would have been in harmony. In short, comparison and causality hold, perhaps, the highest rank, but they do not form the head *par excellence*, unless combined with the others in due proportion. I hope you comprehend my meaning.

In 1823, his health was so restored, that having returned to Edinburgh he resolved to commence his practice, and he made his *debut* as an author, publishing an essay "On the Effects of Injuries of the Brain upon the Manifestations of the Mind." Deeply impressed with the importance of management rather than medicine in the prevention and cure of disease, he devoted himself zealously to the removal of the popular ignorance on this subject. He thus dealt with his patients:

RATIONAL MEDICAL PRACTICE.

At the time when Dr. Combe entered the medical profession, it was common for practising physicians simply to prescribe medicines, and to lay down dietetic rules to be observed by their patients, without explaining to them the nature of their maladies, or the *rationale* of the cure. Blind faith and implicit obedience were required of them. He early adopted the practice of addressing the reason and enlisting the moral sympathies of his patients, in every case in which this appeared to him practicable. He preferred the intelligent co-operation of a patient in the measures necessary for the restoration of his health, to mere observance of rules; and therefore communicated as much of the nature of the disease as could be stated

without exciting injurious alarm,—explained, as far as the individual could comprehend it, the process which nature followed in order to reach the condition of health, —and urged on him the necessity and advantage of complying with her demands. He also stated to the patient, or his attendants, the occurrences which he knew would take place in the progress of the malady before his next visit, and instructed them how to act in the emergencies as they occurred. In his communications, he practised discretion, but avoided mystery; and stated truth, as far it could be revealed without direct injury to his patient. The consequences of this mode of proceeding were equally beneficial to his patients and to himself. They became convinced that it was nature that was dealing with them, and that although they might "cheat the doctor," they could not arrest the progress of her evolutions, or escape from aggravated evils if they obstructed the course of her sanative action. Under these convictions they obeyed his injunctions with earnestness and attention. By being premonished of approaching symptoms, which were frequently steps in the progress of the cure, but which, if not explained, might have been regarded as aggravations of the malady, they were saved from much alarm, and he from many unnecessary calls and attendances.

And in the next extract will be seen the admirably lucid manner in which he gave his advice:

RATIONAL MEDICAL ADVICE.

All parts of the body require a regular supply of nervous energy from the brain, and without this they stand still. It is like the steam that puts the machinery in motion. Stop it, and the function stops, as in syncope. Diminish it, or dilute it, the function will become slower and feebler, while the organ itself remains otherwise healthy. The breathing, for instance, of a man in a passion is hurried and irregular; but it is his brain, and not his lungs, that is at fault. A panic-stricken person turns pale, scarcely breathes, and perhaps falls to the ground; but it is the brain, and not the face, the lungs, or the muscles, that is affected. Hence you will see that a slighter but *more permanent* emotion may affect, in a slighter but *also in a more permanent degree*, any part, especially any otherwise weak part of the system, and yet *little or no actual disease be present in the latter*, and hence you cannot trust to your own apprehension for correct information. For example, two years ago I attended an elderly lady for three months, who insisted that her liver and heart were dreadfully diseased; but there was no symptom of anything but an affection of the head of twelve or fourteen years' standing. She would not believe this, but referred everything to the liver. She and I, consequently, soon parted. Last month she died, and, having expressed regret that the prejudice she entertained against me had prevented her again calling me in, she left an urgent request that I should be present at opening her body. The liver, stomach, and heart were quite sound, but the brain was greatly diseased, showing that the pain, palpitations, &c., arose from it alone. I tell you this, because you may see and take comfort from the fact, that all is not disease that seems to be so; and that "cautiousness," with all its imposing gravity, is not to be trusted to, unless with a certificate from "causality" and "comparison" that it is right. Neither must you listen to fear, if it tell you that your *brain* must be affected. The case alluded to was, in this respect, as different from yours as possible. The influence of "cautiousness" to which I allude, is nowhere more remarkable than on the pulse; it quickens it often in an extraordinary degree, so that no counting can be depended on while the patient is noticing the counter. I have seen a difference of twenty beats in the space of five minutes from attending to this.

His professional reputation grew rapidly. Patients crowded to him, and he removed, in May, 1827, to a more fashionable abode. In 1831 he published his first volume under the title of *Observations on Mental Derangement*. It met with immediate and extensive success, both among the profession and the public. The symptoms of his disease having now returned in an alarming form, he was advised to winter at Naples, where he spent the close

of that year and the beginning of the following one. During his residence there, he narrowly escaped death by pleurisy, but the skill of his medical attendants, and his own care of himself, carried him through the attack, after which he proceeded to Rome and Florence, and then returned to Edinburgh. Here is some news from Naples:

I saw Sir Walter Scott in an open carriage to-day, wrapt up in a cloak. He looked pale and sullen-like, with little animation; but it was cold, which may have occasioned this appearance. He is said not to be well, and the report is, that the Malta public were sorry to see him suffering so much. Vesuvius began to throw out smoke whenever Sir Walter made his appearance in the bay, and has continued smoking ever since, so that we are in hopes of an eruption taking place soon.

The Neapolitans have astonishing faith in their own good luck, if not in Providence, for every tenth shop is a lottery-office; and, instead of their not liking to be seen in it, as is the case in France, the doors and windows are thrown wide open, and rarely fewer than eight or ten people are in it at one time, as if proud to be seen there. The beggar and the gentleman meet in them on equal terms.

The Neapolitan children are sadly maltreated. In infancy they are swaddled and pinned, and look like so many bundles of cotton; and many persons of all ages are strongly marked with the small-pox.

We conclude, for the present, with an extract from a letter addressed to a female friend on

THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

The great matter is to get children to do heartily what they are about. If they are to have lessons, do not let these be so long continued as to wear out or tire their powers of exertion. If they are to play, let them do it in their own fashion, and not according to older people's rules, except in forbidding what is wrong. By regulating too much for them, we make them little men and women before their time, but we destroy their elasticity as children, and sacrifice their future independence of character; and I think, too, we render them more selfish, by having our attention so ostensibly and constantly fixed upon them. Place them in safety, and leave them some freedom of action on their own account, without the pressure of knowing that their every movement is superintended. A child that knows itself watched, cannot by possibility turn its mind away from itself, and at last, if not attended to on all occasions, it thinks itself neglected.

I meet with no complaint from parents so frequently as that their children do not apply properly, and that they are thus obliged to restrict them from relaxation, and keep them longer employed than they would wish. But in nine instances out of ten, the fault is in the unnatural demand made on the child's power of attention. If a child want fixity of attention, the habit is not to be created by keeping at it, but by requiring strenuous exertion for short periods, no matter how short at first, and extending gradually as strength is gained.

The object of this long preface is simply to express my conviction that your children, and Miss ——— too, will get greater mental and bodily vigour by your giving them one-third or one-half fewer hours of lessons, and leaving them more to the natural impulses of children for their outdoor recreations; and dividing better the times of employment. They rise at half-past six, and have religious instruction from seven to half-past eight, and then breakfast. This seems a defective arrangement, as, from the activity of nutrition at that age, no child can profitably apply one hour and a half before eating; and if it eat before application, the stomach is weakened for its regular breakfast. Half an hour of any light employment is all that ought to precede breakfast. Let breakfast occupy one hour, and add half an hour in the open air, and then both mind and body will be ready to act. But writing ought to be reserved for later in the day, as the posture constrains the body and impedes digestion. Two hours of varied study may now be taken, admitting ten or fifteen minutes of relaxation in the middle of it. Then take an hour and a half outdoor exercise, followed by writing

and arithmetic for another hour. Allow at the very least an hour, or, still better, two hours for dinner and relaxation after it; then take music, or any thing requiring no great exertion, say for one hour, then history or geography for another hour;—half an hour's play, and, lastly, writing, &c., again. If, in walking out, a natural taste for botanical inquiry leads them to examine objects, or they can be led to it casually, cultivate it, but do not let the time for walking or play be converted into a formal lesson time, as it is only entire freedom that can give it true relaxation.

I have spoken more strongly on this subject, because of late my attention has been directed more closely to the observation of the evil consequences of the prevailing over-education of the mind and neglect of the real feelings and wants of children.

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Vol. I. Routledge & Co.

MR. ROUTLEDGE has bravely grappled with the copyright question, and is doing good service to the cause of our national literature, by proving to the Americans that a copyright treaty would be profitable as well as honest. IRVING'S *Life of Columbus* is of great fame, and hitherto only procurable at a considerable price. Now, thanks to MR. ROUTLEDGE, we are to have it for a couple of shillings.

Life of Goldsmith. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Bohn.

Lives of the Successors of Mahomet. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has added the above to his *Shilling Library*. The first has been repeatedly noticed here in its various forms of publication. The other is a most interesting continuation of "the Life of Mahomet," which by this time is probably in the hands of most of our readers.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Ceylon and the Cingalese; their History, Government and Religion, the Antiquities, Institutions, Produce, Revenue and Capabilities of the Island; with Anecdotes illustrating the Manners and Customs of the People. By HENRY CHARLES SIRR, M.A. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and late Deputy Queen's Advocate for the Southern Circuit in the Island of Ceylon. In 2 vols. London: Shoberl. 1850.

CEYLON has been much talked about of late, and there is a natural curiosity on the part of the readers of newspapers and Parliamentary Blue Books (if any such persons exist), to learn a little more about the country and the people which have made such a stir, and whose rebellion and its suppression have given occasion for the sharpest party conflict in the political world that has occurred for some years. MR. SIRR has enjoyed peculiar advantages for the task of gratifying the curiosity thus kindled, for he filled for some considerable time the office of Deputy Queen's Advocate on the Southern Circuit of Ceylon, so that his information is not that of a mere voyaging visitor, but the carefully noted intelligence of an inhabitant familiar with the scenes and objects he describes, and who is enabled to look below the surface and tell us of the mind, and morals and thoughts of the people, undiscoverable by a passing stranger who sees and reports only the outward aspect of things, often so illusory.

MR. SIRR has not, however, contented himself with picturing and narrating; he has studied the useful also, and produced a book which has the substantial merits of a geographical and ethnological treatise, of permanent value in the library, presenting to us the statistics of a country which is, perhaps, destined some day

to become the England of the Eastern ocean. He proves it to be a most eligible place for emigrants: he describes minutely the vast resources it has within itself to render it the seat of a great Empire. He has also made acquaintance with its antiquities and literature, a topic which will be wholly new to English readers, yet full of curious interest. He has carefully traced its history, so far as its annals are worthy of confidence, and he has devoted some amusing chapters to the customs, costumes, manners, aspect and character of the Cingalese.

As of more immediate attraction at this moment, though adding little to its worth as a permanent addition to our colonial and geographical literature, MR. SIRR has included a very full, true and particular account of the rebellion and its consequences.

The plan is more orderly than is usual with books of this class. He endeavours to treat of a distinct subject in each chapter, so that all the information relating to it is found at one search. This is an excellent rule which might be oftener adopted with advantage.

The text is also illustrated with numerous drawings, sketched in a very spirited manner, and conveying a better notion of persons and places than any words.

This, also, is one of those books so full of novelty and curiosity that we might fill a whole CRITIC with extracts, and yet leave its amusement and freshness almost unimpaired. But with our limited space we must be chary of selection, and give to our readers only so much as will make them desire more, and resort to the volumes themselves for the further gratification of their wishes. It is an excellent book-club book.

We could not find a more graphic picture wherewith to open than this of the

LANDING AT CEYLON.

To return to our description of the harbour. As soon as the sun has risen, the waters appear to teem with canoes, hastening to the steamer; some bringing provisions, others to land passengers and their baggage, whilst large boats, heavily freighted with coal, force their way between the lesser craft. The scene of confusion on board the steam-vessel soon becomes indescribable. Passengers are seen tossing their various packages into the canoe that is to bear them to the shore, and hurriedly attempt to descend the ladder at the steamer's side, but in so doing, encounter coolies ascending, carrying baskets of coal, and each then jostles and hustles the other, in the attempt made by either party to pursue their respective routes. Then arises and resounds a confusion of tongues and languages, only to be equalled by that of Babel,—exclamations in English, Cingalese, French, Tamil, Portuguese, Hindostanee, in short, in every known, and almost unknown, language in the world assail the ear; with comments neither polite nor peculiarly complimentary upon the agility of the sons of Adam. A native, with a very minute portion of dirty rags, attached to his person through the medium of a piece of coil rope tied round his loins, will step upon the deck, with some trifling article for sale, and possibly encounter a blushing bride, or fair damsel, fresh from Albion's shores. The fair lady retreats a pace or two, with a slight scream at sight of the unclothed dusky figure, placing her hand before her eyes to exclude the disagreeable vision.

Then will follow a Moorman, with shaven head, a round embroidered cap, thickly padded with cotton, placed on the top of his shorn cranium to protect it from the sun's powerful rays, with at least six yards of cotton, either white or coloured, tied round his loins with a showy silk handkerchief, forming a kind of petticoat reaching to his ankles (called by the natives *comboy*), but leaving him in a complete state of nudity from the waist upwards. This demi-rude specimen of humanity has, in all probability, brought some articles of *certu* or curiosity to sell, at all events what he con-



siders so, consisting of knife-handles and snuff-boxes, cut out of the molar teeth of the elephant, some fine samples of various coloured glass, which he endeavours to palm off as precious stones and gems of the first water. These are accompanied or succeeded by divers other natives and inhabitants of the island, some of them offering tortoise-shell and silver bodkins for the hair, others calamander work-boxes inlaid with ivory, carved ebony caskets, and baskets made from the porcupine's quills, for sale. Amongst the multitude who regard the steam-boat gentlemen (travellers being thus designated by all the native denizens of Ceylon,) as their lawful game, are the touters for the *hottels*, for so lodging-houses are called by these copper-coloured gentry. The touter is invariably a half-caste, or burgher, who generally abounds in a very undue appreciation of his own dignity and position, and this gentleman, in his own estimation, will place a card in the hands of a traveller, and descant most fluently in broken English, upon the good cheer, moderate charges and comforts that are to be found in the particular *hottel* which he has the felicity to represent.

So soon as the eloquence of the touter has induced a passenger or passengers to trust himself or themselves to his guidance, he intimates to a coolie that it is his will and pleasure that such and such baggage should be placed in a particular canoe, not condescending to lower his dignity by touching, lifting, or carrying portmanteau, carpet-bag, hat-box, or dressing-case. When these minor arrangements are completed, and this gentleman, in an authoritative manner, to clear a path, as he rudely thrusts the coolies aside. Most ludicrous is the assumption of these half-castes, who are held in supreme contempt by the full-caste natives, their greatest terms of reproach being "he, burgher-man" (or half-caste), and many a hearty *guffaw* is indulged in at their expense by Europeans.

The landing-place is a pier, extending some two hundred feet into the water, at the shore end of which is a rude building, bearing a strong resemblance to a dilapidated barn; this is the Custom-house, and to it the baggage is taken, and the inquiry made if it consists solely of personal effects, or if there is any merchandise intermixed. If the reply is satisfactory, the packages are passed unopened, after the owner has signed a declaration that he has no article for sale or barter; for should there be any marketable commodities, the packing-cases are detained to be examined, and duties levied. Never shall we forget our amazement at the grotesque costume and appearance of one of the subordinate Custom-house officers, who was a native of the Malabar coast, of the Chitty caste, or those professing belief in the doctrines of the Romish Church. The man carried on his head a black velvet cap, about six inches in height, which projected forward in a horn-like manner, on either side of his head, the edges of the head-dress being trimmed with a thin gold cord. His long black hair, redolent of cocoa-nut oil, was combed back from the copper-coloured face, and twisted into a knot, close down to the nape of the neck, protruding beneath the head-gear. In each ear were three gold rings, studded with coloured stones, and these ear-rings, being fully thirteen inches in diameter, rested upon his shoulders, a square piece having been cut out of the lobe of the ear, to allow the insertion of these ponderous and barbarous decorations. This mortal had on a white cotton jacket, open in front, thus exposing to view his hairy breast, although to one side of the vest were attached innumerable jewelled buttons; round his loins were longitudinally rolled several yards of white calico (forming the petticoat or comboy), the end of which being brought round his body, hung down the front of his person. The comboy was confined round his loins by a handkerchief folded crossways, the extremities of which being pendant at his back, formed a novel caudal termination, not hitherto mentioned by naturalists. The comboy reaching to his ankles, which were guiltless of covering, as well as his unshod splay feet, which appeared doubly brown from being contrasted with the white petticoat. This gentleman carried in his hand, as a protection against the sun's rays, a Chinese umbrella, made of black varnished paper, with a bamboo stick for the handle; and we do not think that our visual organs ever beheld a more ludicrous spectacle than the *tout ensemble* this being presented.

We cannot dwell upon the impression produced on the

minds of those fresh from Europe, when they gaze, for the first time, upon a crowd of half or rather unclothed Asiatics, who throng around them when they land, some being stimulated by the desire to induce the "steam-boat gentlemen" to purchase their goods, whilst others, from mere curiosity and indolence, will stand staring, open mouthed; the boys with no other covering save that which nature has bestowed on all, namely, that of their long hair streaming down their backs, clamorously asking for *pice*, or halfpence.

Very beautiful must be the

SCENERY OF CEYLON.

Along the coast, almost close to the sea, the screw-pine (*Pandanus*) flourishes in extreme luxuriance, and the whole shore is planted with cocoa-nut trees which droop over the road, the lover of nature pursues his way with feelings of intense gratification, especially when he gazes upon the waving palms above his head, then upon the blue ocean, upon whose surface the sun's young beams are reflected. The prospect is so exquisitely lovely that it appears more like enchantment, or a dream of fairy land, than sober reality. Upon reaching the water the coach is placed in a boat, and ferried across the river, and this spot is also a scene of surpassing beauty. On the bosom of the tranquil stream, floats the pink lotus, the tulip-shaped flower; being enshrined amongst the broad green leaves; areca palms (*Areca catechu*) waving over, and drooping into the river; and here and there a flowery shrub of gorgeous hue, intermixed among the stately trees clothed in their vesture of brilliant green.

Within a short distance of the opposite side of the ferry, the constantly varying panorama of nature, becomes, if possible, still more enchanting; the boundless ocean, with its never-changing hues on one side, its white spray dashing over the rocks, with the dense groves of noble trees on the other, are alike sublimely beautiful. Cocoa-nut trees planted on either side of the road, bend towards each other, forming a shady avenue through which the coach passes.

Occasionally young plantations of palms, the leaves spreading out thickly in an irregular fan-like form from the root, will greet the eye, contrasting finely with the older trees, whose slender-naked tall trunks are surmounted by a crown-like diadem of leaves.

Startled by the sound of the coach-wheels, a peacock with a shrill scream will take flight, his gorgeous plumage glittering in the sun, as he wings his flight upwards, or he may wend his way to a noble ebony tree, and alighting there, will proudly raise his crested head, the feathers of his drooping tail intermingling with the luxuriant foliage of the splendid tree. Sometimes a guano (a species of lizard), will cross the road in pursuit of his prey, whose short clumsy legs, and slothful ungainly movements seem ill-calculated to enable him to pursue, or entrap a more agile creature. But see—he has marked that beautiful little squirrel as his victim: how nimbly the reptile is ascending the tree after the poor little animal, his clumsy legs move quickly enough now,—luckily the agile fellow has seen him, and with a bound to another tree, gets clear of his pursuer. These hideous reptiles are amphibious, and we have seen several that measured more than five feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, and it is affirmed they possess such strength in that part, that with one blow of their tail a man's leg will be broken. They are likewise carnivorous, for they will alike steal and devour your fowls and your fruit.

Indulging in gambols in the boughs of the trees that skirt the road-side, are to be seen monkeys of every size, and of numerous species, which in the very wantonness of sport, will pluck a young cocoa-nut, and dash it on the earth; then run along the ropes that attach one tree to the other, performing again the same mischievous antic, despite the threatening gestures of the toddy-drawers, who have, for their convenience, thus linked the trees together.

Mr. SIRR concurs with other travellers in deeming the habits of the East injurious to the character of the English residents, especially to the ladies. Thus he speaks of

EASTERN LADIES.

We believe a lengthened sojourn in the East to be as prejudicial to the mental as it is to the physical powers

of the female sex, the climate alike enervating body and mind, rendering the one incapable of taking sufficient exercise to preserve health, and the other of pursuing those studies that enlarge its own capabilities. Thus, after a comparatively short residence in India, China or Ceylon, a woman loses her vivacity, the principal part of her beauty, the whole of her energy becoming equally disinclined to corporeal or mental exertion. The routine of a lady's existence has but little variety under a tropical sun; the greater part of the morning is passed in reclining on a couch, *en déshabillé*, being fanned by an Ayah, who tries to amuse her mistress by relating the occurrences that takes place in the abodes of her acquaintances, this gossip being duly embellished with scandal. After tiffin, the fair dame will either receive or pay morning visits, when more gossip and scandal are indulged in, or she will read some silly tale of excitement to beguile the time, or soothe her to sleep. For seldom, we grieve to say, is any intellectual occupation pursued that tends to strengthen the mind.

About four o'clock the fair one retires to make an elaborate toilette for the evening drive, or to "don equestrian gear;" in either case, the attire of every friend that she meets is severely criticised, and wonder expressed as to how their husbands can afford to supply them with their expensive finery, feeling *quite sure* they must be over head and ears in debt, strangely forgetting that, in all probability, she, the censurer of extravagance, has assisted in it if not insisted upon, incurring debts, which may preclude the possibility of her own spouse returning to his native land for many long years. Add to this flirtation which, if practised in England, would not be tolerated, and a slight idea may be formed of female occupations in a presidency or eastern colony.

He rubs off some of the romance which we associate with the idea of

THE CINNAMON GROVES.

The cinnamon gardens in the neighbourhood of Colombo are the most extensive in the island; and, although the beauty and fragrance of the shrub are much exaggerated, still the plantations present a most pleasing spectacle. It has been asserted by many, and still is by some, that the aroma of the spice is perceptible at sea, even when a vessel is some miles distant from the "Cinnamon isle;" this statement is as complete a delusion as can well be imagined, for, if the effluvia of cinnamon is apparent at sea, it is when the captain or some one else on board the vessel has rubbed a portion of the fragrant oil upon the sails to mystify travellers. We admit that an aromatic effluvia is diffused, whilst the operation of peeling is being carried on, but this odour is only apparent close to the spot where the cinnamon-peeler is performing his task; and were every bush in the island to be barked simultaneously, we are perfectly convinced the smell would not be felt a mile on land from where the work is so being effected, and that it would be a perfect impossibility for the scent of the shrub so to mingle with the atmosphere as to be perceived at sea.

The trials of TANTALUS can alone typify the temptations of

AN EASTERN DESSERT.

It is the invariable custom to place desert upon the table after dinner, and, although this consists of every variety of tropical fruits in season, none, save *recent arrivals*, can venture to eat fruit in the after-part of the day: the older residents occasionally venture upon a little dried ginger, or try an *English biscuit*, the crispness and flavour of which have not been improved by its travels. We have noticed the flush of delightful anticipation pass over a new-comer's face, as he gazed with evident satisfaction upon the cool-looking tempting fruits, garnished with gorgeous flowers, that were spread in trim array before him; what delicious looking pine-apples, and mangoes, what magnificent bananas and custard apple, what curious pumbelows and grapes, what inviting water-melons and green-figs! The custard apples are near "the new man," he takes one on his plate, and carefully bisects the mellow, melting fruit, preparing to devour the same with great gusto. His neighbour, if charitably disposed, and an old resident, in which case he is almost certain to possess a yellow skin and diseased liver, may whisper, with an air

of compassion for such ignorance, "I would advise you not to eat fruit after dinner, as it is very likely to produce cholera;" (the plate is pushed away with extreme avidity); "eat as much as you like at breakfast, or tiffin, that won't harm you in the least." The green thanks, the yellow man, resolving to indulge his gourmandise and affection for fruit the following morning.

Not the least curious objects are found among the vegetable products of the island. The following are some of the

CINGALESE PLANTS.

In this neighbourhood a plant flourishes that is called by the natives helu, or honey-plant, as the flowers emit a powerful effluvia resembling new honey. This is a jointed plant that flowers but once in eight years, and, as the blossoms die, large numbers of bees appear to be attracted by the peculiar effluvia; and so delighted are the insects that clusters of them will hang suspended from the branches for hours. Around the helu-plant a leafless parasite often entwines, whose beautiful blossoms are bell-shaped, having amber hearts and scarlet edges; and as these appear to be united with the helu at the root, the natives declare that this plant bears two kinds of flowers, which are totally distinct in form and colour.

But with its many beauties Ceylon has some nuisances. One of its greatest pests is

THE RAT.

Amongst the greatest domestic pests in Ceylon, are the innumerable legions of rats that abound in every part of the island and infest every dwelling, and the audacious boldness of these destructive vermin will hardly be credited. We have frequently seen the creatures perched upon the back of a chair, or top of a screen, and not offer to move until something was thrown at them; and we will give an account of a rat's presence of mind, that will equal that exhibited by Rogers when he was seized by the elephant.

Hearing a great commotion and barking among our dogs, we went into the verandah to ascertain the cause, and found they were disputing about the possession of a recently-caught animal, which our nostrils soon informed us was a shrew or musk-rat; we made the dogs relinquish their prize *pro tem*; as we were desirous to examine the vermin, promising them that as soon as our survey was completed, the rat should be returned. We took up the creature by the tail (the dogs leaping and barking around us), carried it into the dining-room, and held it close to the lamp, to observe its destructive peculiarities.

The creature was without motion; not a muscle moved, and the limbs hung loose as if life had totally quitted the carcass. This examination lasted fully five minutes, and, when our curiosity was satisfied, we threw the rat to the dogs (which closely surrounded our legs and the table, yelping with the excitement of expectation), expecting to see it torn to pieces, when to our amazement the brute not only took to its legs with all imaginable celerity, and ran off, but got clear away, baffling every effort of the dogs to retake it. Assuredly, all must admit that the rat not only "stole away," but also stole a cunning march upon us.

The insect world also supplies its plagues. Among them are

THE LEECHES AND THE TICKS.

The dimensions of the land-leech are about an inch in length, and one-tenth in diameter; their colour a dark green, approaching to black; but when gorged they are quite two inches long, and three quarters of an inch in circumference. They draw a considerable quantity of blood, their bites causing great irritation; and, if the places are scratched, eventually inflammation. As their motions are peculiarly agile, they are most difficult to kill or to remove; for, when you have succeeded in taking them off your legs, they almost instantaneously fasten upon your hands, before you have time to destroy them. It is dangerous to pluck them off quickly, as that increases the irritation of the wound, but, if they are touched with brandy, they immediately drop off.

Lime-juice, and other acid applications, will alleviate the itching and staunch the bleeding, and those who are

of good habit of body and abstemious, only suffer temporary inconvenience from their bites, whilst others who live freely, and whose constitutions are debilitated, often find the wounds fester, and ultimately ulcerate. Many animals suffer severely from the land-leech, and sheep will not thrive upon any pasture where they are to be found. During the dry season these noxious creatures multiply to an almost incredible extent, and especially abound upon all wooded hills.

As leeches abound in the grass, so do the ticks upon the trees where they lie upon the leaves in myriads, and, if the branch is shaken by the wind or touched by the sportsman, they fall upon his person and drive him nearly insane; as their sting resembles the prick of a red-hot needle, and the skin is no sooner punctured than intolerable itching supervenes. These filthy insects are about the size of a very large pin's head, of an oblong form, and flat, and of a mulberry colour; but, when they are distended with their sanguinary meal, we can positively declare that we have seen many that were quite a quarter of an inch wide.

The legs of ticks seem to be provided with small hooks, as they cling to the skin with most obnoxious tenacity, defying every effort to remove them, without pulling the body from the limbs, these insects are as troublesome to animals as they are to man, and without extreme caution will cluster round the fleshy part of the dog's foot and between the toes, eating into the flesh, inflicting agonizing torture upon the poor brute, whilst, maddened by the pain, he vainly essays to pull them out with the teeth. We found that ticks would more readily fasten upon an European than upon the country-born dog, and we shall not readily forget the manner in which our terrier used to be bitten by them, despite the daily ablutions and care taken to free the dogs from these ruthless tormentors.

Here we must pause. But if an opportunity should offer we may yet return again to these amusing pages, the value of which will be seen by the above specimens, which we have taken from little more than half of the first volume.

United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838-42, under command of Chas. Wilkes, U.S.N. Geology. By JAMES D. DANA, A.M., Geologist of the Expedition, &c. &c. New York: Putnam.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

SOCIETY ISLANDS.

In continuing our sketch of this interesting volume we come next to the group which all the accounts, from the early narratives of Cook and Kotzebue, down to the more apocryphal pages of Omoo the wanderer, have familiarized to our fancies as the paradise of the Pacific. These are the Tahiti or Society group. They consist of ten islands, ranging in a line, N. 62 degrees W. for 250 miles. The area of the whole is about 600 square miles, of which Tahiti alone comprises one half. The scenery of these islands is said to be the most striking on the face of the globe. The mountains are more abrupt, crowded, and strange-shaped, and the valleys deeper, narrower, and more precipitous than exist elsewhere, and their lying in a region of perpetual summer renders them no less beautiful than sublime. They are of basaltic rock, and take their fantastic forms from some primeval subsidence which has exposed them to the action of water.

As Mr. DANA observes, the scenery of these islands is too remarkable to be passed over, even in a work where the main object is a scientific one. His descriptions have the merit of authenticity from this very circumstance, and as the fancy is never tired of the marvellous, we shall run no risk of exhausting the reader's patience in copying a page or two, which will not bear condensing.

Much of the mountain region of Tahiti consists of lofty peaks and ridges of basalt, so

precipitous as to be absolutely inaccessible. Near the centre are two lofty summits, Aorai and Orohena, many thousand feet in height, and only two miles apart at their bases. The former of them was ascended by Mr. DANA, and though his description is not given, he says, "as a mere landscape sketch," we think it will be conceded to be a tolerably vivid picture.

AORAI.

We commenced the ascent by the ridge on the north side of the Matavai valley, and by the skillfulness of our guide were generally able to keep the elevated parts of the ridge, without descending into the deep valleys which bordered our path. An occasional descent, and a climb on the opposite side of the valley, were undertaken; and although the sides were nearly perpendicular, it was accomplished without much difficulty by clinging from tree to tree, with the assistance of ropes at times, where the mural front was otherwise impassable. By noon of the second day we had reached an elevation of five thousand feet, and stood on an area twelve feet square, the summit of an isolated crest in the ridge on which we were travelling. To the east we looked down two thousand feet into the Matavai valley; to the west, a thousand feet into the branch of the Papara valley, the slopes either way being from seventy to eighty degrees, or within twenty feet of the perpendicular. On the side of our ascent, and beyond, on the opposite side, our peak was united to the adjoining summit by a thin ridge reached by a steep descent of three hundred feet. This ridge was described by our natives as no wider than a man's arm, and a fog coming on, they refused to attempt it that day. The next morning being clear, we pursued our course. For a hundred rods the ridge on which we walked was two to four feet wide, and from it we looked down on either side a thousand feet or more of almost perpendicular descent. Beyond this the ridge continued narrow, though less dangerous, until we approached the high peak of Aorai. This peak had appeared to be conical, and equally accessible on different sides, but it proved to have but one place of approach, and that along a wall with precipices of two to three thousand feet, and seldom exceeding two feet in width at top. In one place we sat on it as on the back of a horse, for it was no wider, and pushed ourselves along till we reached a spot where its width was doubled to two feet, and numerous bushes again affording us some security, we dared to walk erect. We at last stood perched on the summit ridge, not six feet broad. The ridge continued beyond for a short distance with the same sharp knife-edge character, and was then broken off by the Punaavia valley. Our height afforded us a near view of Orohena: it was separated from us only by the valley of Matavai, from whose profound depths it rose with nearly erect sides. The peak has a saddle shape, and the northern of the two points is called Pitohiti. These summits, and the ridge which stretches from them towards Matavai, intercept the view to the southward. In other directions, the rapid succession of gorge and ridge that characterizes Tahitian scenery, was open before us. At the western foot of Aorai appeared the Crown. Beyond it extended the Punaavia valley, the only level spot in sight; and far away in the same direction, steep ridges, rising one above the other with jagged outline, stood against the western horizon. To the north, deep valleys gorge the country, with narrow precipitous ridges between, and these melt away into ridgy hills and valleys, and finally into the palm-covered plains bordering the sea.

On our descent we followed the western side of the Papana valley, along a narrow ridge such as we have described, but two or three feet wide at top, and inclosed by precipices of not less than a thousand feet. Proceeding thus for two hours, holding to the bushes, which served as a kind of balustrade, though occasionally startled by a slip of the foot one side or the other, our path suddenly narrowed to a mere edge of naked rock, and, moreover, the ridge was inclined a little to the east, like a tottering wall. Taking the upper side of the sloping wall, and trusting our feet to the bushes while clinging to the rocks above, carefully dividing our weight, lest we should precipitate the rocks and ourselves to the depths below, we continued on till we came to an abrupt break in the ridge of twenty feet, half of which was perpendicular. By means of ropes doubled

around the rocks above, we in turn let ourselves down, and soon reached again a width of three feet, where we could walk in safety. Two hours more at last brought us to slopes and ridges where we could breathe freely.

Orohena, from the steepness and sharpness of its ridges, is inaccessible. The basaltic rock which forms these singular summits is decomposed on its surface, forming a thin soil which is always covered with tropical vegetation, so that, however steep their acclivities may be, they are everywhere robed in the rich green of those climates.

Mr. DANA's theory of the formation of Tahiti is that the centre of the island may have once been an immense crater or pit, on the margin of which these peaks remain wrought into their peculiar forms by subsidence and degradation.

The other islands of this group, viz., Eimeo, Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, and Manuara, are of similar geological character with Tahiti. At the centre the ridges are highest, and the deep valleys radiate from them to the coast. In some of them the basalt is imperfectly columnar.

THE SAMOANS.

The Samoan or Navigators' Isles are eight:—Savaii, Apolima, Manono, Upolu, Tutuila, Ofu, Olosenga, and Manua. Three are among the largest in Polynesia. The group stretches in a west north-west direction, and comprises eight hundred square miles of land. They are evidently of volcanic origin, being composed of basalt and lavas of different ages; the earlier deposits being worn away into lofty peaks and deep valleys, the latter exhibiting the smoother elevations of domes and extinct craters.

Two or three craters on the island of Upolu were visited by Mr. DANA. After travelling several miles inland, through a very dense forest, he reached the base of the mountain with his guides, and ascended to its summit:—

On reaching the top, a deep circular cavity opened before us. We stood on a narrow ridge about twelve feet wide, the thin rim of the crater. The view of the crater was much obscured by the tall forest trees that cover its interior. Here and there the eye penetrated far down among the foliage, but wandered through the labyrinth of leaves and branches without reaching the bottom. Walking around the ridge or rim of the crater, we found it rarely wider than above stated, and in some parts it was but six feet in width. Its height is very uniform. At one place, on the north-west side, there was a break of thirty feet, but otherwise it appeared as entire and as even in outline as if the fires of the crater had but just died away. The whole breadth of the mountain bowl was estimated at three-fourths of a mile. We could not use a pocket-sextant on account of the trees. The depth by the barometer was three hundred and seventy feet.

Another of these craters contained in the middle a small lake. The forest around was "enhanced in beauty by the tree fern with its broad star of finely-worked fronds, and the graceful plumes of a large mountain-palm. The poets of the island have appreciated the beauty of the place, and allude to the perpetual verdure which adorns the borders of the lake in the following lines:—

Lanu-to'o e le to'fa e lau mea.

Lanu-to'o (the name of the crater) untouched by withered leaf."

In relation to the era of the formation of the lines of craters in these islands, Mr. DANA does not assume to have arrived at very satisfactory conclusions. He thinks they became extinct subsequently to the growth of coral on their shores, though before the reefs were

much extended, while from the character of the basalt the earliest eruptions must belong to a much more remote period. We refer to the times of great activity, for on the western coast there are recent lavas, and the natives have traditions of fires. They seem to have been formed by a double line of craters trending like the other Pacific groups; but, unlike the Hawaiian, the fires burnt longest in the west.

Manono, one of the smallest of the group, and nothing but a continued grove, four miles in circumference, is densely populated, and has the most political importance of any, though Savaii contains five hundred and fifty square miles.

THE FEEGEES.

The mention of this group recalls the sad fate of Lieutenant Underwood and his companions of the expedition, who fell into the hands of the savages. "My investigations," says Mr. DANA, "were limited to the island of Ovalau, and the two large islands Viti Lebu and Vanna Lebu ('Great Feegee' and 'Great Land'); and in these islands they were restricted to a very small portion of the surface. The treachery of the savages compelled us to confine ourselves in all instances to the coast; and even there we should have been clubbed, and soon served up for a feast, were it not for the salutary influence of our ships, and in part, also, to the protection of our private weapons. Some afflicting events, of which a recital may be found in the history of the voyage, gave us most painful evidence of the necessity of caution among these savages."

The surface of the land in the Feegees is about seven thousand square miles; Viti Lebu is 94 miles long and 55 broad, and Vanna Lebu, 105 by 25 miles average breadth. Westward of these islands is an immense archipelago of reefs and islets, and eastward is another group still more numerous, of all shapes and varieties, from high mountain cones to low coral flats, just above the water's surface. "Rough ridges with bluff escarpments, running up into needle peaks, characterize some portions of the group; while others are comparatively flat, and expose along the shores a cliff of basaltic columns." In the seas among these islands the navigation is rendered extremely dangerous by hidden reefs, which can only be avoided by a good look-out and clear weather; while the danger of being, to use Mr. DANA's words, "served up for a feast," should the vessel get ashore, is another not less imperative stimulant to vigilance; so that with all this prodigality of natural beauty we may continue to prefer the gentler hills of Staten, the meadows of Communipaw, and even the more cultivated shores of Manhattan, where we only cheat, and do not eat one another.

Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California in 1848-49; with the Author's Experience at the Mines. Illustrated by twenty-three Drawings taken on the spot. By WILLIAM REDMOND RYAN. In 2 volumes. London: Shoberl. 1850.

Mr. RYAN is an Englishman, although, from his manner of writing, you might have sworn that he was an American. It seems, however, that he had lived for many years in the Union, pursuing the profession of an artist, before he was seized with the restless desire to seek to better his fortunes by plunging into the Mexican war. It was in June, 1847, that a

party of military volunteers, of which he formed one, began to drill. In August they embarked, and after a few months tedious and uncomfortable voyage they were safely landed at Monterey, in California. Here they were parted, some being dispatched to the actual seat of war at San Jose. Of these Mr. RYAN was one. They fell in with the Mexicans, a fight ensued, in which our hero's office was to clear a wood of an ambuscade; victory declared on the side of the Americans, and this was Mr. RYAN's first and last military essay.

As soon as peace was proclaimed, Mr. RYAN and his band were sent back to Monterey, to be returned to their homes. But just then the news arrived of the discovery of the gold regions. Being so near, they prudently resolved to try their fortunes at the diggings, instead of going back to the States with only their glory and a few pounds of pay. Mr. RYAN associated himself with a party about to proceed to the scene of enterprise, and the hardships of the journey were not few. They arrived at last, almost worn out, and began to scrape and dig, but with very indifferent success. The cost of living swallowed up their earnings; the toil is described as most tremendous; the exposure to weather very trying to all but the most robust, and the air very unwholesome. When winter approached, Mr. RYAN resolved to leave the diggings and endeavour to find a more profitable employment. He returned to Monterey, but all there were too much engrossed in gold-hunting to think of or care for any other occupation, so he started for San Francisco. But what could he do there? Art could not hope for patronage, but humbler uses of his brush might find reward. So he set up as a *sign painter and letterer*. But even this modest employ did not bring him food, and then, as a last resource, he undertook to paint the interior of one of the ships, and this being approved, he set up as a house-painter. This procured for him the necessities of life, but there was no prospect of wealth, so he resolved to return to the States for reasons thus assigned.

I had been gradually making up my mind to return to the United States, and the period had now arrived for putting my determination into execution. Perhaps a brief explanation as to the motives that influenced me in abandoning a country to which the eyes of so many are turned as a second "Land of Promise," may serve as a lesson to those who allow the imagination to exercise too great an influence over their actions, and who may be induced to give way to hopes that are based on illusions.

It is unquestionable, that in no other part of the world can money be more easily acquired; but when we take into account the sufferings endured in its acquisition, and the relatively high prices paid for all the necessities of life, it is very much to be doubted whether the same amount of industry and self-denial would not obtain equal results in more civilized countries. There were, besides, many circumstances that foreshadowed to me a future replete with difficulties and privations. The winter was fast setting in; and I felt that I could not pursue my avocations continually exposed to the heavy rains which were certain to deluge the town. The success that attended my first efforts had besides exposed me to competition; and, in the keen struggle for existence that I knew must inevitably ensue amongst a population increasing at a ratio without parallel, I felt that I exposed myself to the chances of ruining my health in the pursuit of a chimera. Shortly before leaving, I had numberless applications for employment from persons in my line, even in the very best part of the year for mining; and I knew from this and many other concurrent facts, that during the winter my trade would decrease to such an extent that I should be obliged to support myself on my previous earnings,

I subsequently learned that all my anticipations had been fully realized: the tide of population that flowed into San Francisco became so enormous, that the prices of all the necessities of life almost doubled in value, while that of labour descended in an inverse ratio. The streets were deluged with water; and those who pursued any sort of mechanical occupation were compelled to work up to their knees in fetid pools. Heavy boots, that could be previously procured for eight dollars, now rose in value to ninety-six dollars a pair; a convincing proof not of the wealth but of the wretchedness of the place, it being impossible to attend to one's pursuits without these necessary articles.

The report of an unsuccessful adventurer cannot be expected to present things in their most favourable aspect; but this in the case of California, about which there have been such exaggerated statements, is rather an advantage than otherwise, because we most want to hear the other side of the question—what is to be said against it;—the tendency of the imagination being to invest all that belongs to this distant land with the wonders of Eastern romance. According to him there is anything but romance in the reality. The effect of his graphic descriptions of the place itself, of the labour of the gold-seekers, of the manners and habits of the miscellaneous population collected there, will be to deter all but the most reckless from going thither to look for fortune. What if gold can be washed out of the sands at the rate of three or four ounces a week, by extraordinary good luck;—the living costs half the findings, besides the almost certainty of sickness and the great probability of being robbed or murdered if you are known to have gold in store. But Mr. RYAN shall now speak for himself, and the extracts will certainly induce all who feel an interest in California and its proceedings to peruse the volumes, which are made more interesting by a number of engravings from sketches by the artist pencil of Mr. RYAN and which, therefore, can be relied upon as correct.

This is the description of

THE DRY DIGGINGS.

I came up next with a group of three Sonoreans, or inhabitants of Sonora, busily engaged on a small sandy flat—the only one I had observed at the bottom of the ravine. There was no water near, although I noticed several holes which had evidently been sunk in quest of it. These men were actively pursuing a process that is termed "dry-washing." One was shovelling up the sand into a large cloth, stretched out upon the ground, and which, when it was tolerably well covered, he took up by the corners, and shook, until the pebbles and larger particles of stone and dust came to the surface. These he brushed away carefully with his hand, repeating the process of shaking and clearing until the residue was sufficiently fine for the next operation. This was performed by the other men, who, depositing the sand in large bowls hewn out of a solid block of wood, which they held in their hands, dexterously cast the contents up before them, about four feet into the air, catching the sand again very cleverly, and blowing at it as it descended. This process being repeated, the sand gradually disappeared; and from two to three ounces of pure gold remained at the bottom of the bowl. Easy as the operation appeared to me to be, I learned, upon inquiry, that to perform it successfully required the nicest management, the greatest perseverance, and especially robust lungs. The men I saw had lighted upon a productive sand; but very often, indeed, those who adopt this mode of gold-washing toil long at barren soil before they discover the uselessness of labouring thus arduously.

I noticed, that although the largest proportion of the gold obtained in this manner presented the appearance of a fine powder, it was interspersed here and there with large scales of the precious deposit, and with a few solid lumps. The metal was of a dingy hue, and a cursory view might easily have been mistaken for

particles of yellow clay, or laminae of stone of the same colour. The Sonoreans placed the product of their labour in buck-skin bags, which were hung around their necks, and carefully concealed inside of their shirts. They work in this fashion at the mines in their own country; but I doubt if any other than a native constitution could very long bear up against the peculiar labour of "dry-washing" in such a climate and under such difficult circumstances. I felt half tempted to try the process myself, for the surface of this sandy bed was literally sparkling with innumerable particles of the finest gold, triturated to a polish by the running of the water as I conjectured; but I soon discovered how fruitless my efforts would be. Had I possessed any chemical agents at hand, however, I might soon have exhausted the bed of its precious contents, and should, doubtless, have realized an immense weight of the metal of the very purest quality.

The arrival of the first steam ship, the California, was a great event at San Francisco; it serves to show what sort of persons are the

EMIGRANTS.

As far as appearances went, a finer-looking or a more respectable body of emigrants never stepped ashore from any vessel; but I venture to affirm there never landed at Monterey a shrewder or a "smarter" set, or their match at gambling, with all its accompanying vices. At faro, monte, indeed at any game of cards, they appeared quite in their element; and the Spaniards, though sharp enough, were mere children in this respect compared to them. Several had brought roulette-tables, "sweet-cloths," and dice, and banks were immediately established on every available spot. Even the billiard-tables were for the time diverted from their original use, and devoted to rouge-et-noir, and such like games of chance; at which the dealers soon realized enormous sums in gold, receiving it in lumps and in ounces according to the kind. There was scarcely a device common to gamblers which was not brought into active practice; and many new tricks and games I had never seen played before were on this occasion introduced for the first time in California.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of the excitement of play, numerous other individuals from on board the vessel were endeavouring to acquire money by legitimate trading. All sorts of articles were offered for sale at enormous prices. Shoes, hats, baskets, bowie-knives, handkerchiefs, spades, shovels, picks, and crow-bars, biscuits and flour, cheese, beef and pork, confectionary and spices, tobacco and snuff, spirits and wine—in fact, every kind of merchandise, seemed to have been landed in minute quantities, expressly to tantalize purchasers, to raise an extra demand, and consequently to augment prices. One particularly shrewd fellow had a dozen of the commonest sort of bowie-knives, which he offered at the modest sum of five dollars each; and, having readily disposed of them, renewed the operation with another dozen, and another, and another, until he had realized a handsome sum. But he never appeared with more than a dozen at a time, as his whole stock in trade; and, as he never made his appearance twice in the same place, nobody seemed the wiser, his miraculous dozen being renewed as fast as it went off.

Another man greatly amused me by driving bargains for his wearing apparel; and I am afraid to say how many times he stripped and reappeared clad anew, to sell his garments again, before he was satisfied. In a word, there was but one cry, but one all-absorbing thought—"Money, money, money!"

The same character is visible everywhere. What a society that must be of which the following is a picture.

SCENES AT THE STOCTON MINES.

The evening after our arrival, Halliday and I went out for a walk; and as he wished to write a letter, but lacked the necessary materials, he asked the owner of one of the bulrush huts if he could give him a sheet of paper. "I can sell you one," was the laconic rejoinder; which offer Halliday readily accepting, we entered the establishment. It was a grocery of the lowest description, and at the counter stood two miners, drinking brandy. An elderly female was in attendance, who served us with the sheet of paper, and received from

Halliday, in return, a small piece of gold of the value of a shilling. By special permission, my companion wrote his letter on the counter, owing to an extra exercise of generosity on the part of the landlady, the use of pen and ink for the purpose. As the air was intensely keen, we ventured upon a glass of the liquor; for which we paid very liberally in gold dust. It was of execrable quality, and comparable only to vitriol in its effects on the stomach. Hearing a commotion outside, we proceeded to ascertain its cause, and discovered a tall mountaineer complaining of a loss he had just sustained. He had about nine pounds weight of gold tied up in a leathern bag, which he left in his tent, and which, on his return, he discovered had been stolen during his brief absence. He came to offer the half of it to anybody who should enable him to recover the bag. He was an Oregon man, and had a wife and large family depending upon the product of his labour at the mines, so that his case was a very hard one. He never got back a grain of the gold; the thief, whoever he was, getting clear away with it, and avoiding detection. Another Oregon man, and a sailor, his companion, who had been working at "Angel's Camp," on the Stanislaus, also fell victims to the cupidity and lawlessness at this time so prevalent in the Californas. It appears they were on their way from "Angel's Camp" to Stockton, and stopped for the night at a place called "Double Springs," some twenty-one miles distant from the former spot. The Oregon man had about his person about fifteen hundred dollars, in gold; and the sailor, who was a mere boy, nine hundred dollars worth. They were overtaken by two men, who quitted the camp six hours after the departure of the sailor and his comrade, both of whom were found dead on the road; the sailor having his head split in two, and the Oregon man's brains being blown out with buck-shot.

And this is the account given to him of

THE MACALAMO MINE.

In reply to a question respecting the relative sizes of the ore, he informed me that the gold taken out of this mine runs large. "The average size of the lumps," he said, "is about that of a pea: some are as large as a bean; and I have seen pieces that weighed above two pounds. Were you lucky at the Stanislaus?" "Not very." "Ah, the fact is, it had been worked out before you got there. It's an awful dull place; no amusement at all, unless one is fond of drinking. I can't say the Macalamo's much better; although it is comparatively fresher, and more populated. The only pastimes there, besides tippling, are playing at monte and poker: nothing else goes down. I have seen bets made, to the amount of thirty-six ounces, on the turn of a card, the general run being from one to six. It's poor fun, at the best of it." "Had you any robberies up there?"

"Oh, yes; but Lynching soon settled them. One man, a sailor, a deserter from the Ohio, took it into his head, one night, to rob one of the volunteers, who had set up a drinking store. We had already got two bags, containing about five thousand dollars' worth of gold; but, not satisfied with them, grasped at a third, half full of dollars in silver. The jingling of the coin awoke the owner who, springing up, gave the alarm; and, after hot pursuit, the thief was captured, and bound to a tree until morning. At about nine, a jury of twelve miners set to consider the case, a volunteer named Putnam officiating for Judge Lynch. Of course, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; but, some opposition being raised to depriving him of life, and a milder punishment suggested, it was finally determined that he should receive a hundred lashes on his bare back, have his ears cut off, and his head shaved, so that he might be everywhere recognised in the mining districts. This sentence gave a general satisfaction. The poor wretch was at once fastened by his hands to the branch of a tree, and the fellows proceeded to shave his head, whilst some sailors of the party set to work manufacturing cats. His feet were then tied together to the foot of the tree, and when his head had been shaved, a doctor lopped off his ears. He bled a good deal; but when the blood was stanchied, they set to flogging him; and they didn't spare him either. After this they kicked him out. Well, he went off, and when he was about half a mile away, stole a mule, and rode over to the Calaveras diggings, where the animal was claimed by the owner. He was thereupon tried for mule stealing,

and sentenced to receive another flogging; but when the miners came to strip him, they found his back so shockingly cut up, that they took compassion on him, and contented themselves with driving him out of the district, where he never appeared again. There is nothing like Lynch law after all. It is so prompt and so effectual."

We conclude with another scene at

THE DIGGINGS.

Van Anken adhered perseveringly to the rich, crumbling slate, that stood edgewise before him; digging might and main, alternately employing his pick, crow-bar, and jack-knife, according to the difficulties he had to encounter in the nature of the soil. The rest of the party were equally diligent, at short distances from one another, either extending the old holes or forming new ones, but all intent at their work, and absorbed in the accomplishment of the one idea ever present to their minds, namely, the realization of a rapid fortune.

For my own part, now I was here, and could the more fully enter into the philosophy and fact of the thing, I began to entertain strong misgivings as to whether the results attained by such severe toil were at all commensurate with the sacrifices made in connexion with it. According to my belief, and looking at the men as they wrought, no amount of success they might hope for could ever sufficiently compensate them—accustomed as the majority had been to the comforts and even refinements of civilized society—for the privations and hardships they were compelled to endure; for the disruption of those social ties which bind men together, for the estrangement of the affections of their kith and kin, for the mental abnegations they must practise, for physical suffering and prostration, for the constant apprehension they dwelt in of dying a lingering death by fever and ague, and for the disorganization of habits which such a mode of life was calculated to induce even amongst the best regulated minds. They wrought so hard and so perseveringly, that I felt persuaded that the same amount of industry, intelligence, and assiduity, conjoined with the exercise of the many virtues which the difficulties they had to encounter brought into activity, if it had been directed to the accomplishment of the same end, through the channels opened by the different professions and callings, must have resulted in securing to them an honourable position and a competency, without exposing them to the temptations of cupidity or the follies of a speculative extravagance. But all my moralizings applied equally to myself, and were brought to an abrupt close by a boisterous exclamation from Halliday.

"Luck, by G—!" said he tossing up a small lump of gold, which he had succeeded in picking out with his knife from a hole at which he had stopped, whilst I stood gazing at the extraordinary scene around me, absorbed in my reflections.

FICTION.

Sin and Sorrow. A Tale. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

This remarkable novel extends over a considerable period of time, and carries us through a vast variety of scenes at home and abroad, at one of the most exciting eras in the history of the world. Opening with the French Revolution, it first pictures to us English Society, and unreformed England, as then it was, coarse in manners, brutal in habits; and then, transporting the hero to the soil of France just in the most terrible moment of its eruption, it conducts him through the Vendean war, with all its romance of heroism and incident, passing on the stage before the reader the most distinguished personages who figured there, and then returning to the shores of Old England, the old scenes are revived, and the curtain falls upon an union of subjects of the rival nations.

We are not about to mar the interest of our readers in the perusal of the tale itself by anticipating the plot so ingeniously woven and so full of incident. This unfair practice, once

in vogue, is now happily abandoned by all the literary journals, and nothing of the bloom of novelty that adds so much to the charm of a fiction is brushed off by the reviewer. We have resolved not to depart from the wholesome rule, and, therefore, beyond stating the *when* and *where* of the plot, we decline to make any further revelation of it.

But we may say that seldom have we read one so full of incident. Nobody will call this a *dull* book. Nobody who begins it will lay it aside until all is read. No opportunity for *shipping* is afforded by long dialogues, or prosy soliloquies. The author, indeed, does occasionally throw in some reflections of his own, but they are always pertinent and never tedious. His *forte* is in description, and the author knows where his strength lies and indulges it accordingly. He *paints* to the mind's eye with a thoroughly artistic hand, distinct in form and hue, thus giving *reality* to his creations. The prominent characters are sustained with great spirit and ability. Lady EMILY is a perfect woman's portraiture—admirably sustained throughout—the kind, loving, charitable woman, with sense as well as feeling, a combination, less rare than scoffers suppose, of the head and the heart. MARIE, the devoted, is an ideal picture—a bit of poetry; COLONEL SOMERTON, the real hero, is a sketch from the life of a man having the usual mingled composition of good and ill together, and in nothing does the author more exhibit his skill than in the admirable *keeping* in the development of this character throughout the many scenes of trial and temptation into which he takes him.

The composition is *above the average* of novel writing. It is eloquent without attempting to be *fine*. When a strain of poetry is attempted, it is not in phrase only but in thought. The dialogues are smart, short and *conversational*, as persons really talk.

Whoever may be the author, he is manifestly an acquisition to the ranks of our novelists, among whom he is certain, with a little more practice, to take a prominent place.

One passage will suffice to exhibit his style, and *that* is the only portion of a novel which can be exhibited by extract. The following abounds in *truths* smartly said. It is a conversation in a Ball Room.

"I think, on the contrary," said Fanny, "that every one here looks happy." "Mere ball-room faces, meant to deceive and impose on the ignorant." "Then, if I said I was happy, you would say they were vain unmeaning words? What can you have, Lord George, to make you unhappy?" "Life bores me. I threw my boot at my servant's head this morning, because the blockhead comes in every day at the same hour to open my shutters. Always the same routine,—dressing and undressing, sleeping and eating. The more I try to vary life, the more monotonous and tiresome it seems." "How strange!" said Fanny. "When I on the contrary, get up on a fine morning, and look out and see everything so beautiful, I feel so inexpressibly happy." "Not this morning. Did not the thought of all these natives make you shudder?" "On the contrary, when I went to bed last night, I longed for the morning. I do not understand what you mean by snobs." "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," says the poet. There are various phases to the thing called snob. There are rural snobs more excusable than London ones: they are many of them snobs of circumstances. The poor devils can hardly help it. But in London we have them under strawberry leaves, and then the malady is inveterate; wit cannot mend it, it is engrained in their nature." "You mean, then," said Fanny, "what we commonly call vulgar people." "No I do not, Miss Fanny. A man is often called vulgar who does not merit the name of snob. A rough man, made for rough work, is no snob. Do you see that woman sitting

there so self-complacent, with a head-dress like a fool's cap on her head?" "It is very funny," said Fanny, laughing immoderately. "That may be; but she is a snob, not only for wearing it—for she might be purblind, and not know the difference between the grotesque and the beautiful—but she is a snob for being pleased with herself in such a horrible gew-gaw. All consciousness is snobbery. No one has a right to be conscious but a pretty woman and a clever man; not for the gold that rattles in his pocket, or the coronet that glitters on his brow. I always tell my brother he is a snob, because he is proud of being a Duke—because men have agreed to put those four letters before his name. Lavater says so well, 'He that gives himself the airs of importance exhibits the credentials of weakness.' Miss Fanny, I think I shall go and dig; I have had no such interest for an eternity as watching a peasant dig yesterday." "That seems so very odd to me, I cannot understand you." "First, he was not ashamed of what he was; and, second, he was not ashamed of what he was *not*." Taking up his glass again, he continued, "He was not like that fat woman opposite, who has made me ill all the evening. She is mortified that she is not my lady; is very conceited of beauty she does not possess, and so ridiculously proud of her diamonds; her expression of good humour seems to vary according to the gaudiness of her toilette. I am sure she never grins so complacently before her wig and feathers are mounted." "Oh," said Fanny, "if you want to philosophise, you should go and listen to Sir Frederick; he would make a text from everything. But you may go alone for he bores me." "You are bored, then, sometimes." "Almost always with Sir Frederick. He prosers on about things which do not interest me, and then he scolds me for faults I never commit; and then, after an hour's lecture, I find out that he is enforcing the very thing I have been doing all my life." "Do you know what my philosopher says,—Those are saints of humanity, whose habitual goodness have made me almost unconscious that what they do is good or great." "It is easy to be a saint of his calendar." "Not so much so as you may suppose. Unconsciousness is the exercise of moral and intellectual functions, is as much the result of perfect organization as it is in the physical organs in due ease and movement of our limbs." "We were just remarking, Lord George," said Lady Emily, "how very amusing a mixed society like this is." "Oh yes," he said, "the self-delusion and pretension are so passing strange. I one night made a bet that I would speak a quarter of an hour to ten different persons, and that the upshot of each conversation should be that each speaker wanted to make himself appear a greater man than I took him for." "Yes," said Lady Emily, "I have been laughing at the wife of a Colonel of the regiment, who is sitting opposite the banker's wife. She herself sent *la caserne*, but she will not speak to the other; who, in her turn, sneers at what she calls tawdry barrack-yard. Those Scotch women, who have never been away from the Grampians, laughing immoderately at the little brogueers from the Emerald Isle. Do you remember Burns' lines:—

Oh, would some power the giftie gi' us,
To see ourselves as others see us.

"It would not always," said Sir Frederick, "be the way to form a very correct judgment; for I believe we misjudge our neighbours as much as we delude ourselves. Persons' exteriors often show as many virtues as vices, and even more; for I have always observed that persons' defects are generally more conspicuous and more salient than their excellences. It is a truth never to be forgotten, that it is a much easier task to find faults than virtues,—defects than excellences. You hear persons say, 'how few people are to be liked.' The sentiment arises too often from a vain, glorious feeling of superiority, from a want of benevolence, or a total blindness to the many gifts which God has given to all,—if they had but wit to discover them." "I confess," said Lord George, "I hate a lover of his species,—he has no perceptions, no refinement. I would not touch his friends with a pair of tongs." "I wonder" said Lady Emily, turning the conversation, "why this sort of pretension is chiefly found in English society. All we hear and read of the salons of Paris is very different. The passports there good dress, agreeable manners, and *l'art de plaire*." "These things," said Sir Frederick, "we understand too little to value,

politics and business engross men here; and the principle of pushing forward governs everything, from the Exchange to the ball-room; a principle which spoils society, but raises a nation in health and power. To see who is there—to speak to all—seem the great objects which replace all interchange of thought, all interesting conversation; and I feel assured that if I frequented the best society of London, composed of the most cultivated and accomplished persons, I might constantly return without having been able to converse on any one subject of interest,—there is that indescribable *pushing and pursuing* which haunts us." "I do not think," said Lady Emily, "that anything spoils society so much as pretension and self-delusion." "Pretension comes from the same cause," said Sir Frederick, "the desire to appear more than we really are; and there is a frequent and tacit self-delusion in many persons, who expect for themselves exceptional destinies, on the same feeling which makes men think all men mortal but themselves; and in minor things there is a sort of secret and tacit acknowledgment on expectation that the lot of man will be reversed for them." "Yes," said Sir George "all those foolish women speak of the fickleness of men, and yet each one believes in the heartless vow of eternal love that is whispered to her—believing that there is that in her which can give durability to a passion which she, after all, knows will vanish like the morning dew. 'Let me try,' you hear little children say—the baby sir is there; they can do what others have failed in. A young lady said to me, 'Oh, Lord George, every dog likes me!' 'Mine is very cross.' I replied, 'do not touch him.' 'They never bite me,' she said. She patted him—not because she loved the dog, but because she wished to show that the dog loved her; and he bit her, and she was furious—and I laughed, for it was but a scratch. Are we to dance Miss Fanny?"

Jane Eyre. By CURRER BELL. Second Edition. London: Smith and Elder.

THE popularity to which this novel justly attained has induced the republication of it in a single volume at a small price. The authoress states in her preface that none of the works that have been attributed to her are hers. She has written only *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*. It seems, then, that the two novels which were put forth as by ACTON BELL and another BELL were only discreditable assumptions of a popular name in a shabby attempt to palm upon the public unworthy compositions. The pockets picked by it are, however, not the only mischief done by such a fraud. It is very cruel to the author whose reputation is thus stolen, disgraced and damaged. If we could find out the perpetrator of the trick, we would expose him or her to the public obloquy so richly deserved. It is sad to think, also, that any publisher could be found to lend his name to such an imposition. To put down practices of this sort is the common cause of honest authorship, and the press should help the doing of it. Certainly it shall never pass unrebuked by THE CRITIC.

Tales of a Traveller. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Routledge & Co.

Longbeard, or the Revolt of the Saxons. By CHARLES MACKAY. Routledge.

FURTHER contributions to Mr. ROUTLEDGE's cheap Railway and Popular Libraries. Encouraged by the success that has attended his enterprise, Mr. ROUTLEDGE has greatly improved the typography of his shilling volumes, which may now compete in beauty with books published at a guinea.

The Sketch Book. By WASHINGTON IRVING. London: Simms and McIntyre.

Morley Ernstein. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. London: Simms and McIntyre.

THE two last issued volumes of the excellent *Parlour Library*, to which belongs the credit of having first introduced the shilling volumes of novels, and which, amid many imitators, still maintains its superiority. *Morley Ernstein* is one of the series of JAMES's works, which is to be contained entire in the collection, and IRVING's *Sketch Book* everybody must know, and everybody will be delighted to possess it, for it is one of those charming books which never weary with repetition.

St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is the last issue of the new and wonderfully cheap edition of Mr. AINSWORTH's popular romances, of which not the least popular was "St. James's." Like all his later ones, it exhibits great historical and topographical knowledge, and it introduces to the reader's acquaintance all the most distinguished personages of the period in which the scene is laid—the reign of Anne.

Redwood: a Tale. By the Author of "Hope Leslie," &c. New York. London: Putnam.

ONE of a series of reprints of the popular works of Miss SEDGWICK, each contained in a single volume. *Redwood* is one of her best novels, abounding in a lively and accurate delineation of character, and teeming with good sense. It is doubtless already known to many of our readers, and they will be glad to possess it in its newer and compact form, while to those who have not yet read it, we can heartily recommend its perusal as an intellectual treat.

The Initials: a Novel. In 3 vols. Bentley.

WHEN our circulating library readers see a novel introduced with preliminary puff paragraphs, they may safely set it down as trash, which, if they are prudent, they will carefully avoid, and the more the flourish of trumpets with which it is heralded, the worse it will be found. *The Initials*, was one of the *puffed* novels, and it does not form an exception to the rule. It contains a few smart bits here and there—scraps of good things—which make us lament that the writer should attempt anything beyond short magazine articles, for which he (or she) is qualified; but, as a continuous tale, with a story designed to excite and sustain the reader's interest throughout, it is quite a failure.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Aletheia; or the Doom of Mythology. With other Poems. By WILLIAM CHARLES KENT. London: Longman & Co. 1850.

THE principal poem occupies about half the volume. It may be described as essentially classical in its design, its structure and its composition. It overflows with learning, reminding us, in this respect, of KEATS, to whom Mr. KENT bears some resemblance, in other qualities yet more commendable; he is a poet in *feeling*, his thoughts are full of poetry, and his verses are singularly correct and harmonious. We have not, for many a day, met with so promising an aspirant for the fame of the poet as Mr. KENT. His greatest fault is, indeed, an excess of a virtue. He is somewhat too classical in his images and expressions to become as popular as he has the *capacity* to become. His allusions, his similes, his language, are without the circle of knowledge of the many, even of those who are deemed educated. He can only be thoroughly enjoyed, because he can only be thoroughly understood, by the select few. But, nevertheless, for them there is poetry, genuine poetry, in every page. As witness

JUNO.

Full in the splendor of the Thunderer's light,
His radiant spouse, enthron'd and diadem'd,
Sheds from her orb like orbe dominion bright,
And wields with ease her sceptre-rod begemm'd,
A sparry wand of jacinth, glittering
With the pale cuckoo of the early spring.

Before her, favourite peacocks rustle by,
Some with shut plumage trailing greenest fringe;
And some with chequer'd train disclos'd on high,
Spread fan-like open from its central hinge;
Behind her, emulous in wealth of hue,
The arch of Iris trembles in the dew.

To her the gorse-hawk from the moorland tree,
And the plump-goose with yellow wrinkl'd claws,
To her the ewe-lamb bleating on the lea,
And the full sow not farrow'd 'mid the straws,
Each on the altar yield unwilling life,
'Mid soaring flames, or 'neath descending knife.

Beneath her chair the perfum'd ditty
Forms a soft cushion for her foot's repose;
Among her ringlets, as in green array
Of linden, oft, the nodding field-fare glows,
The drowsy poppies hang their scarlet leaves
Where dark the lily to her breathing heaves;—

For purple grow the lily of the grass,
Ere thro' its cup, more delicate than silk,
The bleaching currents from her breasts did pass
In streams pellucid of maternal milk;—
Spilt o'er the brink of heaven thro' bluest air,
Its whiteness still the star-dust cohorts share.

So, empress of the skies, Matrons bright!
So, queen of nuptial happiness and birth,
Bloom, pomp, and beauty, with combin'd delight,
Scare from thy haunts the miseries of death;
Blent, from thy purifying gaze descends
The love that joins, the rage that seldom rends.

The majority of our readers will probably prefer the latter half of this volume, the minor poems on subjects that address themselves to every person's feelings, experience or aspirations, and these are equally indicative of the genius of the author, and the promise of a maturity whose youth could accomplish thus much. We adduce some as proof:—

THE MAGNETIC FLOWER.

'Mid the blue meadows of the sky,
'Mid the green deserts of the land,
A silver star-gem blooms on high,
A golden blossom on the sand,—
Guides, God hath letter'd 'all around,
In air, and in the verdure of the ground.

And ever when the traveller turns
His track across the wild or main,
There, thro' the clouds, the star-gem burns,
There glows the blossom on the plain,
There o'er his head, or 'neath his feet,
The guardian jewel doth his glances greet.

The soul, too, hath its star and flower,
Its guides amid the glooms of sin;
Aye, luring when dark passions lower,
Or from on high, or from within;
The bloom perennial, and the light
Shining unquench'd amid temptation's night.

Faith is the star that gleams above,
Hope is the flower that buds below:
Twin tokens of celestial love
That out from Nature's bosom grow;
And still alike in sky, on sod,
That star and blossom ever point to God.

The spirit of the country is in every stanza of
A SUMMER'S MORNING.

A film of gladness glimmers o'er the fields,
And fruitful Nature swells her teeming hoard;
A wand of verdure o'er the earth she wields,
And, lo! from out the bosom of the sward,
Rising in myriads at her beck, and god'
With mouldy struggles, up the clover springs,
Shaking its honey'd crimson—while restor'd
To pristine life the heavenward larb now sings,
Soaring from yellow corn upon its dewy wings.

The grassy glades now woo me to repose
Along the flowery margin of young rills,
Fratting their liquid welcome, where the rose
A satiate essence on the air distils;
The distant clacking of the homestead mills,
The sharpening clink of scythes where mowers sweep
The gleaming steel around—each murmur fills
My thrilling soul, all on my senses creep,
Till I am fain, from very joy of heart, to weep.

For I have lov'd the woodlands from my birth,
And doted on their green display of leaves:
The meanest nook of Nature on this earth
Hath latent charms whose desolation grieves
My yearning eyes. The merest shade bereaves
Some evanescent insect of the glow
Of sunshine where its quick life basks. The sheaves
Of rustling Autumn, hoary Winter's snow,
Are ever dear to me as Springtime's buds that blow.

But Summer, with its luxury of boughs,
Its emerald freshness and resplendent wealth,
Decoys in more alluring guise, endows
The pallid cheek more readily with health;
Luring the world's fagged denizen by stealth
To snatch some casual glimpse of moss-clad meads
Untrampled, or the fluttering commonwealth
Of fickle branches—sowing tender seeds
Of thoughts that sweetly bloom like flowers from idle weeds,

The humble bee now drones o'er musky thyme,
Riffling its virgin buds of sugary sweets;
The wrestling torrent booms with shout sublime,
Adown the shelving ridge, and foaming beats,
Amid the rocks its curbsome current meets—
Then glides in sedge silence thro' the dells:
And now the munching flock incessant bleats,
Where cowslips shake aloft their reek'd bells,
And in blue violet nests the glossy mushroom swells.

The faint narcissus with its lustrous gold,
The gorgeous dahlia in its velvet dress,
The purple heather nestling in the fold,
The dark-tinged caves of water-leaping cress,
The grape green-golden and its tendril tress,
The sickly lavender, the lilac's plumes,
The prond laburnum's tasseled gaudiness,
The dazzling hyacinth, the alce's glooms,—
All paint the varied scene, or scatter rich perfumes.

A flood of pleasure bathes each humming cope:
The goldfinch twitters, while its streak'd wings flap;
The jay pear from bending twig now drops
With pattering noise about the orchard's lap;
In elder bark cool eireulates the sap
And tingles the soft pith encas'd beneath;
While dimly echoes the woodpecker's rap,
And Flora twines her humid Summer-wreath,—
The barley-grain grows hard within its bearded sheath.

We should much have liked to copy "The Hungarian Patriot," a fine burst of eloquence which might well be supposed to have come from the lips of a minstrel of that glorious but unfortunate country in its recent immortal fight for liberty; but it is much longer than our space will permit, and to curtail would be to spoil it. We recommend the lovers of poetry to procure the volume and enjoy it there.

Flowers from Gethsemane. Hymns. By LUCY DIXON. London: Bell.

ELEGANT verses, whose piety will be deemed by friends to compensate for the absence of any striking originality. But we are required to judge of it as poetry, apart from the religious tone that breathes through it, and as such, we can only say of it that it is *respectable*.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MANY political pamphlets have come to hand since our last: we notice them briefly. *Sources and Limits of the Rights of the People*, is a closely-reasoned essay, on a subject on which there prevails a great deal of misconception. Few persons have a distinct idea of rights, as is apparent from the loose way in which they talk of them. Thus, we have seen, at recent agricultural meetings, the repeal of the Corn Laws spoken of as an invasion of the rights of the farmers, as if there could be a right on the part of any person or persons to compel other persons to buy the corn they grow, at their own price. It may be *expedient*, but, of that expediency the proper judge is the buyer, and not the seller. The violation of right would consist in making a law to forbid me from buying my bread where I could procure it cheapest, and the repeal of such a law is not the violation of a right, but the restoration of a right. Some more definite ideas upon this subject would be derived from the perusal of this clever little pamphlet.—Two tracts on *Protection* are devoted to illustrating the alleged evils of cheapness. The fallacy that runs through the argument is this: the writer considers the interests of *classes*, and not those of the whole people. Cheapness may be an injury to certain *classes*, as to land-owners, farmers and some of the retail trades, but it is an undoubted boon to all the rest of the population. The labouring classes, in every department of industry, were never so well off as they are at this moment; and, as they constitute the great majority of the population, the *general good* is promoted by cheapness, although it is undoubtedly injurious to particular *classes*. It is very easy to demonstrate that cheapness does not profit the few; it cannot be maintained for a moment that it is not greatly advantageous to the many.—The *ABC of Colonization*, is the first of a series of letters to be addressed to Mrs. CHISHOLM, on the principles which should govern the conduct of the admirable society put forward by that excellent lady.—Captain MACONCHIE has sent us a pamphlet he has just published, on the *Principles of Punishment*, in which he advocates the mark system of prison discipline—to our minds, the only rational one yet devised, because it is based upon the principles of human nature.

RELIGION.

On Preaching, and on Popular Education, &c. By THOMAS J. GRAHAM, M.D. London: Simpkin & Co. 1850.

DR. GRAHAM makes an earnest call upon the clergy and other ministers of Christ to preach, more fully than they are wont to do, the preceptive and practical parts of Christianity. He believes that action is of the essence of the religion of Christ, and that to *do good* is vastly more pleasing to God than any quantity of mere reflective and contemplative religion. He appeals for proof of this to all the teachings of our Saviour as they are

reported in the Bible. In the latter portion of this eloquent and energetic essay, Mr. GRAHAM replies convincingly to the views on the subject of education promulgated by the Rev. T. CLOKE.

God in Christ. Three Discourses delivered at New Haven, Cambridge and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language. By HORACE BUSHNELL. London: John Chapman. 1850.

ELOQUENT and profoundly reasoned discourses on the Divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the Atonement, based upon a learned review of the principles of Language in its relation to Thought and Spirit. These are followed by a discourse entitled "Dogma and Spirit, or the true reviving of Religion," which he contends will be brought about by the substitution of spirit for dogma, feeling for form, adoration for prostration. "The true idea of Christianity," he says, "as a ministration of the spirit is, that the disciple shall be led out of one moment into the next, through all his life by a present union to God, and a constant guidance—that he shall be the child of the Spirit."

Among the small books sent to us, and which we cannot notice in detail, is a reprint of *Cudworth's Looking to the Cross*, published originally in 1748, and now edited, with a preface and notes, by the Rev. H. BONAR.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Modern Linguist, or Conversations in English and French. By ALBERT BARTELS. London: Nutt.

The Like in English and German, by the same.

AN extremely useful assistant to the learner of French. Beginning with single words, the author proceeds to combinations of two, three, or more, introducing the idiomatic expressions and phrases; then he advances to conversation, and concludes with a most useful collection of forms of receipts, letters, notes, and tables of coins, weights and measures.

The English and German volume is upon the same plan and equally to be commended.

The Nursery Gem: or the Physical and Mental Education and Management of Children from an early age. By HENRY CONGREVE. London: Paul.

So sensible and wholesome is the advice given to mothers and nurses for the management of children, and written in so pleasing and intelligible a form, that it ought to be in every nursery. It treats of all that relates to the education of childhood; guides the parent in the choice of a nurse; describes the proper regulations of the nursery, its furniture and employments: the first-duties to the new born baby; the food of children, their weaning, wet-nurses, cutting of teeth, sleep, dress, exercise, air, cleanliness, instruction, and in all his teachings Mr. CONGREVE keeps nature in view. Every parent should not only possess this little volume, but should read it. It well deserves the high patronage it has received.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By T. KNIGHT HUNT. In 2 vols. London: Bogue.

OUR own generation has witnessed the rise and rapid growth of that new Power in modern Society significantly termed the Fourth Estate! A history of this power—a description of the machinery by which it sways the world—and a speculation as to its tendencies, and how it may be best directed to good ends, cannot but be a work of most absorbing present interest and of great future value, when the phenomenon we can scarcely measure, because we are so near to it, comes to be examined at the proper point of view by another generation, who will have results to guide them in their judgment of causes.

Mr. HUNT has not produced quite such a history as the theme demands, but he has gathered together a mass of materials which will be very useful for some successor who, conceiving the subject in its amplitude, shall undertake to handle it as it deserves.

And truly is it termed "the Fourth Estate," for it is a power distinctly recognized, whose supremacy is now scarcely disputed, and to which even the other powers are subject. We are not sure that it might not be more properly called "The First Estate," for, by controlling the individuals whose aggregate force constitutes the power of the Second and Third Estates, it practically controls the power itself, and even the very Queen defers to it, as we have seen on more than one occasion. The most remarkable feature of this gigantic power in England, is, however, also the most satisfactory—the manner in which it is employed. It might be as potent for evil as for good; but, happily, we may boast that, upon the whole, it is well employed. The Press of Great Britain, with the most trifling exceptions, is ranged on the side of loyalty, order, law and peace, but also on that of progress, civilization, liberality and charity. However differing on political or sectarian questions, it is ever unanimous on behalf of *humanity*. Individual wrongs are always promptly denounced, however public ones may be shielded. Abuses are fearlessly exposed, and the sympathies are always in the right place. With such a Press as we can boast, liberty can never be seriously endangered. The party in place must defer to the public opinion, as directed or embodied by the Press and, whatever their principles or their wishes, the policy they must pursue will be in the direction of reform. Nobody can say that it is proceeding too slowly now.

The Journal itself is of comparatively recent date. This, according to Mr. HUNT, was

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

When the reign of James the First was drawing to a close; when Ben Jonson was Poet Laureate, and the personal friends of Shakspeare were lamenting his then recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton was a youth of sixteen, just trying his pen at Latin verse, and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buckinghamshire; London was first solicited to patronize its first newspaper. There is now no reason to doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets of our time, was published in the metropolis in 1622, and that the most prominent of the ingenious speculators who offered the novelty to the world, was one Nathaniel Butter. His companions in the work, appear to have been Nicolas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheppard, Bartholomew Downes and Edward Allde. All these different names appear in the imprints of the early numbers of the first newspaper—THE WEEKLY NEWS. What appears to be the earliest sheet, bears date the 23rd of May (1622), and has the names of Bourne and Archer on the title; but, as we proceed in the examination of the subject, we find that Butter becomes the most conspicuous of the set. He seems to have been the author and the writer, whilst the others were probably the publishers; and, with varying titles, and, apparently, with but indifferent success, his name is found connected with newspapers as late as the year 1640.

Our readers are, no doubt, aware that the privilege of publishing the debates of Parliament was wrung with great difficulty, and after a long struggle, and even now, is *permissive* only. Mr. HUNT gives us some specimens of the slavery of the Press under the Restoration:—

THE PRESS UNDER THE STAR CHAMBER.

The Star Chamber was gone beyond revival, and the Old Bailey became the court where sinners against the

press laws were arraigned. The new statute soon captured a few victims, and a Tyburn audience was assembled to witness the execution of a troublesome printer. On an October night in 1663, the Licensor L'Estrange, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickinson, Mabb, Wickham, and Story. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way by L'Estrange's directions to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton's hiding-place, when he had "fall'n on evil days;" and here now lived another heterodox thinker: a printer named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterwards to give evidence as to what happened, Wickham described how he met Mr. L'Estrange near Twyn's house, and how "they knocked at least half-an-hour before they got in;" and how they listened, and "heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above, before they went up." The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back-door, whilst another stood in front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been cast into the next house. Enough, however, was found to support a charge. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness-box to give evidence against his master, and the judges were ready to coincide with Mr. Sergeant Morton, who appeared for the Crown, and declared Twyn's offence to be treason. The obnoxious book repeated the arguments often urged during the Commonwealth, "that the execution of judgment and justice is as well the people's as the magistrate's duty; and, if the magistrates pervert judgment, the people are bound by the law of God to execute judgment without them, and upon them." In his defence, Twyn said, he had certainly printed the sheets; he thought it was metesome stuff, but knew no hurt in it; that the copy had been brought him by one Calvert's maid servant, and that he had got forty shillings by printing it. He pleaded, moreover, in excuse, that he was poor, and had a family dependent on his labour for bread. Such replies were vain, and the jury found him guilty. "I humbly beg mercy," cried Twyn, when this terrible word was pronounced. "I humbly beg mercy; I am a poor man, and have three small children; I never read a word of it."—"I'll tell you what you shall do," responded the Chief Justice Hyde, to whom this plea for clemency was addressed, "ask mercy of them that can give it: that is of God and the King."—"I humbly beseech you to intercede with His Majesty for mercy," piteously exclaimed the condemned printer.—"Tie him up, executioner," was the only reply; and Hyde proceeded to pronounce sentence. To read this sentence in the record of the trial makes the blood run cold. "I speak it from my soul," said this sycophant Chief Justice, "I think we have the greatest happiness in the world in enjoying what we do under so gracious and good a King" (this was spoken of Charles the Second, be it remembered); "yet you, Twyn, in the rancour of your heart thus to abuse him, deserve no mercy!" After some further expressions of loyalty, and a declaration that it was high time an example should be made to deter those who would avow the killing of kings, he ordered that Twyn should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that he be hanged by the neck, and, being alive, that he should be cut down, and that his body be mutilated in a way which decency now forbids the very mention of; that his entrails should afterwards be taken out, "and, you still living, the same to be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, and your head and quarters to be disposed of, at the pleasure of the King's Majesty."—"I humbly beseech your Lordship," again cried Twyn, in his agony, "to remember my condition, and intercede for me."—"I would not intercede," replied sanguinary Judge Hyde, in the cruelty of his heart, "for my own father in this case, if he were alive." And the unhappy printer was led back into Newgate, only to leave it for Tyburn; where the sentence was soon afterwards carried out; his head and the quarters of his body being set up to fester and rot "on Ludgate, Aldersgate, and the other gates of the city."

But, in spite of such terrible examples, the

utterances of Parliament were noised abroad from time to time, the reporters being usually members of either House, who were anxious that their constituents should know what they were doing. Thus:—

One of these unlicensed reports was made on the occasion of the debates and resolutions in the House of Lords in April and May, 1675, concerning the bill which proposed "to prevent the dangers which may arise from persons disaffected to the Government." The philosopher Locke wrote an abstract of this debate, at the suggestion of the Earl of Shaftsbury, and on information supplied by that nobleman. It was published in the form of "A Letter from a Person of Quality to his Friend in the Country," and was widely circulated, to the great vexation of the Privy Council who evinced their wrath by ordering the publication to be burnt by the hangman. The Earl of Shaftsbury himself subsequently wrote what may be called notices of parliamentary proceedings. One of these for instance was issued under the title of "A Letter from a Parliament man to his Friend, concerning the proceedings in the House of Commons, this last Session begun the 13th of October, 1675." Nor must Andrew Marvel be forgotten in the list of those who described the daily proceedings in Parliament when the Government would not permit newspaper reports. That patriotic member, from 1660 to 1678, regularly transmitted to his constituents at Hull a faithful account of each day's proceedings. The Hon. Anichett Gray, who for forty years was the representative of Derby, also contributed to our stock of Parliamentary information by a number of reports made between 1688 and 1694; and these records of what was done in the Legislature during the time when the newspapers were forbidden to notice the debates, now form a most important addition to our materials for judging of the history of the period.

This is Mr. HUNT's account of

THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER.

That was a step in advance reserved for the reign when the victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift created a mental activity in the nation which could not wait from week to week for its news. Hence the appearance of a morning paper in 1709, under the title of the Daily Courant. When this was offered to the English people there were eighteen other papers published in London, and among their titles we find a British Apollo, a Postman, an Evening Post, a General Postscript, and a City Intelligencer. The editor of the Evening Post of September 6, 1709, reminds the public that "there must be three or four pounds a-year paid for written news," &c.—that is to say, for the Newsletters, which thus seem to have been still competing with public prints—whilst the Evening Post might be had for a much more moderate sum. Not only in frequency of appearance did the newspapers of Queen Anne's day surpass their predecessors: they began to assume a loftier political position, and to take on a better outward shape—though still poor enough in this respect. The very earliest newspapers only communicated intelligence without giving comment; subsequently, we find papers giving political discussions without news. In the publications subsequent to 1700 we find these two elements of a journal more frequently united. Mr. Hallam is inclined to regard this as the period when what he terms "regular newspapers" began to obtain political importance in our constitutional system.

The same year gave birth also to a multitude of small periodicals, many of which have survived, and are read at this day as a branch of our permanent literature, such as *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, &c.

But the press had still a long struggle before it. The powers that be were afraid of the new and growing power which they hesitated how to treat, sometimes patting it on the back, sometimes persecuting it. But the latter was the most frequent. Thus,

When Anne had been ten years on the throne she sent a message to the Parliament, which, amongst other

things, stated that great licence was taken "in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any Government;" and recommending the Parliament "to find a remedy equal to the mischief." In their reply the Commons promised to do their utmost to cure the "abuse of the liberty of the press;" and accordingly, on the 12th of February, 1712, they unanimously resolved that they would on that day se'nnight, in a committee of the whole House, consider the difficult question. This promised consideration, nevertheless, was afterwards put off from time to time. In the month of April, however, the question came again before the house in a more serious shape. The editor of the Daily Courant (April 7, 1712,) had ventured to print the Memorial of the States-General, and this being brought under the notice of Parliament, the publication was declared to be a scandalous reflection upon the resolutions of the House; and "Mr. Hungerford having reported that Samuel Buckley, the writer and printer of the Daily Courant, had owned the having translated and printed the said memorial," the Sergeant-at-Arms was directed to take the delinquent into custody. On the following day (April 12,) the House adopted some strong resolutions on the subject, but there was evidently an active party opposed to any direct attempt to "cramp overmuch the liberty of the press," as Swift expresses it; and, instead of an open and direct law imposing the desired restraints, a more insidious and more fatal plan was carried out. "Some members in the grand committee on ways and means," says the Parliamentary historian, "suggested a more effectual way for suppressing libels, viz., the laying a great duty on all newspapers and pamphlets." This was done. To a long act which relates to soap, paper, parchment, linens, silks, calicoes, lotteries, and other matters, a few short clauses were added, and the press was crippled at once. These clauses put a stamp duty of a halfpenny on every printed half sheet or less, the tax rising to a penny on a whole sheet; and imposed besides a duty of twelve-pence on every advertisement. These taxes have never been repealed, and under their increased amount, and, consequently, increased pressure, the newspapers suffer at this hour.

We have not space to follow it in its fight for perfect freedom to the present time, but it will be found recorded in Mr. HUNT's volumes, whose popular style will recommend them to all whom the subject interests.

We now select a passage descriptive of

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

A sketch of twenty-four hours of newspaper life will give some idea of how the complex and expensive machinery moves for the collection, preparation, and publication of a daily paper. Perhaps the earliest contributor at work is the Dublin correspondent. By the present post-office arrangements, via Holyhead, a steamer leaves Kingstown harbour soon after eight in the morning for Holyhead, and special despatches sent by that conveyance reach London the same day. By this mode we have news at night in London, dated Dublin, the same morning. To prepare this the correspondent must be up betimes, get early copies of the morning papers, write his despatch, and be off by railway to meet the steamer by breakfast hour. He is then free till evening, whilst his copy is making its way across the Channel towards the London office. The French correspondent meanwhile has risen, dressed, and is deeply immersed in the *Debats*, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Moniteur*. . . . If the Chambers are sitting, a reporter has been placed there to give the proceedings, and as the hour of five draws near, the "copy" accumulates. The despatch is written; extracts from the leading Parisian papers have been made; *Galignani* has been laid under contribution; some digests of French statistical papers have been summarized into readable and valuable *para*; the report of the Paris Bourse and of the Madrid Bolsa, come in, followed quickly by that from the Chambers, delayed till the last half-minute, that the proceedings might be brought up till the latest possible moment before the words "left sitting" closed the copy. Again the capacious envelope, with its printed address, is ready, and the abundant contributions of Paris towards the London stock of news finds its way to the post just two seconds and a quarter before the bureau closes. Whilst

these French and Irish ambassadors of the Fourth Estate are thus employed, their brethren at Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and elsewhere are occupied much in the same way, each collecting his batch of news and commentary in time for the mails. Special correspondents, meanwhile, are less systematic. One, it may be, is vibrating between contending armies, as in the recent cases of Radetzky and Charles Albert, or of Bem and Windischgrätz; another is an attaché to the fallen fortunes of Kossuth at Widdin; another hovers about the Golden Horn, to learn whether the English fleet will really make a warlike demonstration against Russia; another is gathering news of California amongst the Wall-street speculators of the western world; whilst another chronicles the doings of the Sooloo pirates in the suffocating atmosphere of the East.

The reporters at home are as busy as the correspondents abroad. Amongst the earliest afoot in the morning is one noting at Smithfield the prices of cattle; others, at Wakefield and Mark-lane, the price of corn; another, in Southwark, the prices of hops; and in Mincing-lane, the qualities and rates of coffees and sugars. At Liverpool, the cotton; at Manchester, the yarns; and at Leeds, the woollens, are being watched, their prices jotted down, and the tone of the markets noted. Stocks and shares, also, are being inquired about in all these and many other towns; whilst corn prices, and supplies, are equally attended to. Where large local meetings occur, there also the reporters are to be seen taking up their places on the platform to note the thrice-told tales of agricultural distress; and the equally familiar promises of prosperity to come from free trade. In one part of the country a railway collision is being reported; in another, an inquest on a mine explosion; in a third, an assemblage of persons favourable to church extension; in a fourth, a lecture on separation of church and state; in a fifth, some terrible accident or appalling murder—be it where it may, there is a busy pen at work for the London paper. Post hour has less importance for the newspaper man in England than abroad. The last train is the point of interest here. As the hour for that approaches, the names of the sufferers by the collision, of the speakers for church extension and for church disruption; the described horrors of the fatal choke damp; a full account of the murderer's looks and deeds are all quietly packed up together in little brown paper parcels, and steam power bears them away towards the sub-editor's table. Before this London is contributing its quota. In each law court there is a pencil busy in a note-book, or on the back of a brief; in each police court the reporters' box is occupied; in each coroner's court the "highly respectable jury" look with surprise upon the often tattered habiliments of the penny-a-line representatives of "the papers." Does an engine rattle through the alarmed streets? there goes a reporter with it; does a gentleman fall down in an apopleptic fit? a surgeon and a reporter are sure to be ready—the one to "use every means that medical skill could afford," and the other to earn a few shillings by writing a paragraph. The *Court Circular* is chronicling the Queen's proceedings. The *Morning Post* has its fashionable friend buzzing about Gunter's to hear of fashionable routs, or about Banting's to learn full particulars of a fashionable funeral. Every district has its penny-a-liner; every disaster its historian.

These minor contributors are not more active than their superior officers. The editor has been reading over the morning papers of London and Paris; has glanced at the debates, and mentally arranged many of his topics for the night's leaders. He has written to some of his literary aids, and received an article from one, a review from another, a suggestion from a third, and he finishes his breakfast, and goes off to call at his club or on a political friend—his mind the while shadowing forth the arguments to be employed; the illustrations to be used; and the points to be made, in the paper of to night. The sub-editor, if any remarkable meetings, or other reports, are expected to come, has been to the office to consult with the editor, secretary, or other executive daylight officer of the paper, about expressers or telegraphs; to talk over the character and usefulness of candidates for employment; to discuss suggestions; to decide who shall attend various meetings in London and the provinces, and settle the various points which constantly arise in the progress of working a daily journal.

If parliament is sitting, another large mass of manuscript is now growing up under the pens of the reporters. Fourteen or sixteen of these gentlemen each in his "turn" sits in the gallery of the house, and for three quarters of an hour, or an hour, according to arrangement, takes his note of the debate. When the time of one is up, and his seat at St. Stephen's has been occupied by a successor, he hastens to write out *in extenso* the speeches he has been listening to. If the debate is prolonged, by the time his first notes have been prepared he must be ready to go into the house again, and it sometimes happens that a third turn is taken on the same night. When the speakers are good, or the debate important, this combined labour of so many pens completes a formidable mass of "copy."

By nine o'clock the editor, the sub-editor, the foreign editor are all busy; the editor with his leaders, the foreign editor with his German and French, and the sub-editor with the mass of multifarious things that now load his table. The law reports being on matters of fact, and usually prepared by barristers, give little trouble; but, with this exception, scarcely a line comes to the sub-editor which does not require preparation at his hands. Meetings reported to please speakers instead of the public, railway and commercial statements full of long tabular accounts to be summarised and made readable; letters from indignant "constant readers" in which libels lurk in the midst of long statements of wrongs endured, or reforms demanded; reports of police courts, of inquests, of disasters—all written on flimsy paper, and requiring great quickness of eye and mind to decipher at all; papers from all quarters of the kingdom; statements of markets, of shipping, of births, deaths and all other conceivable and inconceivable things, demand attention and preparation for the printers, who by this time are ready for the six hours rapid and skilful labour that shall convert this mass of contributions of all sizes, characters and qualities into a shapely morning paper. With the help of an assistant or two, the load rapidly diminishes, and by midnight there is a tolerably clear table, preparatory to the arrival of the late railway despatches. These received, a new labour has often to be commenced. Although the troublesome search through fifty country papers has afforded a great quantity of local news, the late despatches often bring up much more; the Irish and Scotch advices come to hand, and with this addition of home news very often comes a file of papers from America, from the West Indies, from Brazil, from France, Germany, or Hamburg. An hour or two clears off all these new accumulations, and then the proof sheets having been attended to, and the place and arrangement of the articles been decided upon;—the number of leaders, and the number of advertisements settled, the columns calculated, and the decision made as to what shall appear, and what stand over, and the editorial work of one day is done. By half-past four the paper is at press, and news-boys and morning mails distribute the papers to all parts of the country to meet their "constant readers" at breakfast tables, in counting-houses, and at country fire-sides.

Just as the wet newspaper, fresh from the news-boy, is being opened at the eight o'clock breakfast table of the early-rising city merchant, the Dublin correspondent is again handing his despatch on board the steamer at Kingston for to-morrow's journal—and so the twenty-four hours of newspaper life are up.

In conclusion, we cite Mr. HUNT's summary of

THE MORAL OF THE PRESS.

As we approach the present day, the number of the labourers in the field of the press becomes greater and greater, and our gratitude has to be spread over a wider space. The germs of liberty, planted under the shadow of the press in the earlier days of its existence, have scattered the elements of their multiplication on all sides, and these newer vitalities have been true to the ancient stock. Within the present century, whenever a great truth has demanded to be known, there has been found a man ready to put it into words, and a printer bold enough to put it into type. Whenever these truths have been found distasteful or dangerous there has been no lack of lawyers to prosecute, and (sometimes) of juries to convict; as witness the number of victims offered up at the shrine of intolerance by George the Third, Castlereagh, and Eldon. Gaols have from

time to time been filled, but still the ball rolls on, and liberty is the winner in the end.

The moral of the history of the press seems to be, that when any large proportion of a people have been taught to read, and when upon this possession of the tools of knowledge, there has grown up a habit of perusing public prints, the state is virtually powerless if it attempts to check the press. James the Second in old times, and Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, more recently, tried to trample down the newspapers, and everybody knows how the attempt resulted.

The prevalence or scarcity of newspapers in a country affords a sort of index to its social state. Where journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence and wealth; where journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves. In the United States every village has its newspaper, and every city a dozen of these organs of popular sentiment. In England we know how numerous and how influential for good the papers are; whilst in France they have perhaps still greater power. Turn to Russia where newspapers are comparatively unknown, and we see the people sold with the earth they are compelled to till. Austria, Italy, Spain, occupy positions between the extremes—the rule holding good in all, that in proportion to the freedom of the press is the freedom and prosperity of the people.

The Imperial Cyclopædia. The Cyclopædia of Geography. 1. The Geography of the British Empire. Part I. London: Knight.

A NEW and bold enterprise of the indefatigable CHARLES KNIGHT. Possessed of a vast amount of valuable copyright stored in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and having the aid of the most learned men of our time, he has bethought him of a Cyclopædia on a more extensive and convenient plan, and of somewhat loftier aims than the former, and to which he gives the appropriate title of *The Imperial Cyclopædia*, in which he has enlisted the direct patronage of the Queen. The plan is that of *Divisions*; it will form, in fact, a group of Cyclopædias, each devoted to a distinct branch of knowledge, as Geography, Arts and Industry, Science Mathematical and Physical, Natural History, Biography and History, Metaphysics and Moral Science, Theology, Law and Jurisprudence, and Government and Political Economy. In the accomplishment of this great scheme, it is designed to bring down the information in every branch to the present state of knowledge, preferring, we hope, facts to opinions, and especially collecting all the existing statistics, for it is in this that the utility of such a work will mainly consist. It is obvious that it cannot be brought to a successful completion without very extensive public patronage, which ought to be given to it immediately, so as to encourage the expenditure upon it which can alone reward the labour requisite for making it what it is desired and intended to be—the most perfect storehouse of knowledge which the world possesses; and Mr. KNIGHT's name is a guarantee that the public will reap the full benefit of whatever increased resources its patronage of the work may place at his disposal.

The present part commences the *Geography of the British Empire*, and extends to the word "Barnsey," and it contains coloured maps of England and of South Wales, seven views of Birmingham, and nine of Bristol, and all for half-a-crown.

The Book of Point-Lace and Tatting: being No. 3 of "The Lady's Library." London: Darton and Co.

We cannot profess the remotest knowledge of the arts to which this publication is devoted. We just know what point-lace is, or, rather, what it is like; but we have not a notion of tatting. How, then, should we review pages that unfold these mysteries—how say if the teachings be good or bad, practical or impractical? In this dilemma, we bethought ourselves of despatching the book to an elderly lady of our acquaintance, who is famous for all such handywork, requesting her opinion of it. Two days afterwards, we received the following reply:—

"MY DEAR EDITOR,—I have been charmed with the little book you sent me: it has given me many hints that I shall turn to good account. I have looked at a great many publications professing to teach ladies

fancy-work, but they were almost always unintelligible. This one describes the processes so clearly, that I had no difficulty in comprehending every part of the process, and the novel plan of the illustrative engravings is a treasure to us. You may confidently recommend it to all your lady readers. Your's faithfully,"

And that opinion we adopt as our own.

The Christian Commonwealth. By JOHN MINTER MORGAN. London: Gilpin.

SOCIALISM supported upon Christian principles. So far as Mr. MORGAN is concerned, his scheme appears to be little more than a reproduction of the commonwealth of OWEN, which proved so egregious a failure. But fortunately there is appended to it a treatise which appears to disclose the real design, which the living author of the first portion of the volume would not venture to avow. An *Inquiry respecting Private Property* is an open advocacy of the real Socialist doctrine, which goes to the community of goods, and what that means is but too manifest.

A Queer Book. By the Rev. W. WICKENDEN, B.A. London: Bumpas. 1850.

MR. WICKENDEN will, perhaps, be remembered as the author of some amusing *Adventures in Circassia*, which were noticed at some length in THE CRITIC. The volume before us is a collection of brief remembrances of scenes and adventures encountered by him in various parts of the world, but especially in Portugal, and some short and clever stories. There is a great deal of life, spirit and humour in this little volume.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization and Chemism in their relations to Vital Force. By BARON CHARLES VON REICHENBACH. The complete work, from the German Second Edition. With the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes. By JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D. London: Bailliere. 1850.

Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism. By J. P. F. DELEUZE. Translated by T. C. HARTSHORN. Fourth Edition, with Notes and a Life. By Dr. FOISSAC. London: Bailliere. 1850.

Mesmerism tried by the Touchstone of Truth; being a reply to Dr. ASHBURNER's remarks on Phrenology, &c. By GEORGE CORFE, of Middlesex Hospital. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

OF MR. CORFE it is enough to say, that he is one of those thick-skulled controversialists who fight with hard words instead of sound arguments, and substitute abuse for reason. He, calling himself a man of science, asserts that Mesmerism and Phrenology are "twin devils;" not falsehoods, observe, but the veritable products of the devil. A sane man who could thus write must be a fool, unless he says what he does not mean, and in that case he must be something worse. We wonder who would trust his health to the hands of a man who could thus speak of any of the phenomena of nature?

Dr. ASHBURNER has presented the scientific world with a new translation of the last edition of REICHENBACH's extraordinary researches into the effects of magnetism upon the human frame, in the course of which he discovered the existence of a new imponderable, permeating all substances and evidently performing an important part in organization, whether animal or vegetable. Of this work we gave a very full abstract in the columns of THE CRITIC when first it was introduced to the English public, extracting many of the

curious experiments recorded by REICHENBACH. The promulgation of these researches has led to similar inquiries on the part of physiologists in England and other countries. Although some of the results have not been reproduced by other investigators, others of them have been distinctly confirmed.

The following are some of the most important of the conclusions drawn from the investigations described in the treatise. It must be premised that he terms this influence the *odic force* or principle.

1. The world-old observation, that the magnet reacts sensibly on the human organism, is neither "lie, deceit, nor superstition," as many naturalists at present think and declare; but is a well-grounded fact, a manifest physico-physiological law of nature.

2. It is a tolerably easy matter, one that may be carried out anywhere, to attain conviction of the correctness and accuracy of this; for people are to be met with everywhere whose sleep is more or less disturbed by the moon, or who suffer from nervous indispositions; almost all these experience the peculiar excitation by the magnet, to a considerable extent, when it passes down them from the head over the body. Still more frequent are healthy and vigorous persons, who feel the magnet very vividly; many feel it more weakly; many detect it, but in a very slight degree; finally, the majority cannot perceive it at all. All those who detect this reaction, and they appear to constitute a quarter or a third of the human race, are here denominated by the general term of "sensitive."

3. The perceptions of that influence present themselves, chiefly, to the two senses of feeling and sight: to the feeling, by a sensation of apparent coolness or tepid warmth; to the sight, by appearances of light issuing from the poles and sides of magnets, when the patients remain, for a long time, in deep obscurity.

4. The capacity to exercise such influence presents itself not only in the steel magnet, which we produce in our workshops, or in natural magnetic iron, but nature gives evidence of it in an infinitely varied number of cases. In the first place, there is the entire globe, which, through terrestrial magnetism, acts more or less powerfully upon sensitive persons.

5. The cause of these phenomena is a peculiar natural force, which extends over the whole universe, different from all hitherto known forces, and here designated by the word "Od."

6. It is essentially different from that to which we have hitherto applied the name of "Magnetism," for it does not attract iron; nor magnets; bodies charged with it are not determined in particular directions by the terrestrial magnetism; they do not affect the suspended magnetic needle; they are not disturbed, when suspended, by the vicinity of an electric current; and they do not induce any galvanic current in metallic wires.

19. The odic force possesses polarity. It appears at the two poles of the magnet with constantly different properties: at the northward it produces a sensation of coolness in the feeling, as a rule, in the pass downward, and in darkness a blue and blueish-grey light; the southward pole, on the other hand, a sensation of tepid warmth, and a red, reddish-yellow, and reddish-grey light. The former is connected with a decided pleasure, the latter with discomfort and uneasy pains. Next to magnets, crystals and living organic beings exhibit the odic polarity most distinctly.

20. In crystals, the odic poles occur at the poles of the axes; in crystals, with several axes, there are several odic axes, of unequal strength.

21. In plants the ascending trunk is, as a whole, opposed in polar quality to the descending; but there are countless other subordinate polarities in all the separate organs.

22. In animals, at least in man, the entire left side stands in odic opposition to the entire right. The force is concentrated into poles at the extremities, in the hands and fingers; and in the two feet; more strongly in the former, more weakly in the latter. Within these general polarities, however, occur countless minor subordinate special polarities of the individual organs as opposed to each other, and exhibiting an independent bi-polar condition in themselves. Men and women do not differ qualitatively in the odic characters.

28. The odic force can be conducted in bodies; all solid and fluid bodies conduct Od to distances as yet unmeasured. Not only metals, but also glass, resin, silk, and water are perfect conductors. In a somewhat smaller degree only do less connected bodies conduct: such as wood, paper, cotton stuffs, wool, &c. There are, therefore, some, though only weak, obstacles to the transition from one body to another.

29. The conduction of Od is effected much more slowly than that of electricity, but much more rapidly than that of heat; it may almost be followed, on a long wire, by making haste.

31. The transfer is effected through contact. But a mere approximation, without actual contact, suffices for it, though with weaker effect.

32. The transference is not performed very quickly, but requires some time, several minutes, for its completion.

40. Where the odic light occurs polarized, as in the magnet and in crystals, it forms a flame-like stream, issuing from the poles, proceeding almost in a right line from the arms of the magnet, and the axes of the crystals, and spreading out somewhat at a distance from the poles, whilst it diminishes in intensity of light. It displays all the brilliant colours of the rainbow, but remains predominantly red at the positive poles, and blue at the negative. At the same time magnets, crystals, and hands, like the amorphous bodies, remain luminous, glowing odically throughout their mass, and in like manner surrounded by a fine luminous vapoury veil.

41. Human beings are luminous almost all over the surface of their bodies, but especially on the hands, the palms of the hands, the points of the fingers, the eyes, different parts of the head, the pit of the stomach, the toes, &c. Flame-like streams of light of relatively greater intensity flow from the points of all the fingers, in a straight direction from where they are stretched out.

54. In many conditions of disease, especially in cataleptic attacks, a peculiar kind of attraction has been observed, exercised by the od-pole of magnets, crystals, and the hands, for the abnormally sensitive hand. It is similar to that of the magnet for iron, but is not reciprocal; i. e., the sensitive hand does not on the other side exercise any perceptible attraction by the od-poles. Even objects rendered odic by conduction and transfer, produced this striking effect to some extent.

55. In the animal organism, night, sleep, and hunger diminish the odic emissions; food, daylight, and activity elevate and increase them. In sleep the focus of odic activity is removed to different parts of the nervous system. Within the twenty-four hours of the day and night, a periodical fluctuation, a decrease and increase of it, occurs in the human body.

A fourth edition of the translation of M. DELEUZE's *Practical Instructions in Animal Magnetism* justifies all the commendations we formerly bestowed upon it. As a manual for the Student and Practitioner, it is by far the best, because the most minute, accurate and intelligible guide that has yet been given to the world.

MESMERIC INFLUENCE.—We have received from a correspondent the following very extraordinary circumstances respecting the arrival at Peterhead, on the 3rd instant, of the Hamilton Ross, whaler, early in the season, beyond any former precedent. She has made the voyage, out and in, in two months and three days, being the quickest ever made, and brings 153 tons of blubber. This remarkable event was distinctly and positively announced by a boy under mesmeric influence in Peterhead. He stated lately, in presence of a large audience, that the Hamilton Ross would be the first vessel to arrive, on the 5th of May with 14,000 seals (about 150 tons.) The boy was asked what he saw on board the Hamilton Ross at the time he was speaking, and replied, that he saw the captain and doctor in the cabin hanging over the mate, who had got his hand hurt, a circumstance which proves to have been true at the exact date mentioned. At the same time the boy stated that Sir John Franklin was quite well, but looking thin, and would return safe. Our correspondent adds that the above mentioned circumstances have thrown the inhabitants of Peterhead into a state of great excitement.

SINGULAR TRANCE.—At the village of Farringdon, situated about nine miles from Bristol, on the road to Wells, a young woman named Ann Cromer, the daughter of a master mason, now lies in a complete state of catalepsy, in which extraordinary trance-like condition, should she survive till next November, she will have been for no less than 13 years. During the whole of this extended period she has not partaken of any solid food, and the vital principle has only been sustained by the mechanical administration of fluids. Although of course reduced to almost a perfect skeleton, her countenance bears a very placid expression. Her respiration is perceptible, her hands warm, and she has some indication of existent consciousness. Upon one occasion, when asked if suffering from pain to squeeze the hand of her mother, placed in hers for that purpose, a slight pressure, the mother avers, was plainly distinguishable; and frequently, when suffering from cramp, she has been heard to make slight moans. About 16 weeks after the commencement of her trance she was seized with lock-jaw, which occasions great difficulty in affording her nourishment. The unfortunate young woman is 25 years of age, and has been visited by a great number of medical gentlemen, who, however, hold out no hopes of her ultimate recovery.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review, for May, again appears under the editorship of Dr. PRICE, but we cannot say that the change of management exhibits improvement in the writing. There seems to be wanting that vigorous tone which recommended it before as a powerful literary organ. It has become more of a sectarian advocate. The subjects treated of are, however, various. It opens with a sort of semi-defence of Calvin, not very successful. The agitation in the Church and the split among the Wesleyans are the topics of two articles of great ability. Among the non-theological papers are those on Physical Geography; on the Travels of Prince Adalbert; the Commercial Mission to Japan; and the Exhibition of Industry, 1851.

The Dublin University Magazine, for May, continues its amusing chapters on Irish Superstitions, describing in this the May-Day Festival. The powerful story of "The Two Ravens" is concluded; and we are treated with further chapters of the life of "Maurice Tierney, the Soldier of Fortune." Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, is the theme of an elaborate paper, and some further chapters from "Rambles in the East," introduce us to much novelty of adventure, told in a singularly attractive manner. Copious reviews of Dr. CHALMERS'S *Life and Works*, and of a batch of recent novels, conclude the number.

Tait's Magazine, for May, shows improvement. "Savings Banks" is a timely paper and full of valuable information. "The Papacy under Napoleon" is another carefully-compiled historical essay. "The Royalist's Daughter" is an amusing and clever tale. The other papers are of less mark.

The Anglo-Saxon, for May, pursues its flourishing career, gathering more and more of learning from new sources, and increasing in interest and value as it proceeds. The present number contains papers on "Ancient Guilds and Modern Clubs," "Old London," is a most curious description of our city as it was. "An Essay on the English Language, its origin and gradual formation." We do not, however, quite understand what this periodical has to with our modern colonies or with modern geographical discoveries.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for May, continues the improvements commenced a few months since. It is not so exclusively Antiquarian as it was, whilst it preserves its most valuable features—its Historical Review and its Necrology. Among the articles of most mark in this number are papers on the "Early History of the Gypsies in Europe, by Mr. WRIGHT;" "Romanesque and Pointed Architecture in France," and some "Original Letters of the Man of Ross." It is embellished with several engravings.

Sharpe's Magazine, for May, preserves its reputation for beautiful engravings in addition to the quantity and variety of literature of a better class than is usually found in the cheap periodicals. Some writers of note are engaged on this periodical: many of its tales, especially, would do credit to Blackwood.

Half Hours with the Best Authors. Part I. Mr. KNIGHT is reprinting this very popular work in a still cheaper form. The idea is excellent, and executed with Mr. KNIGHT'S usual taste and research. A portion is selected from one of our most famous authors for each day of the year, the seventh being always from religious writings, and one portion of each week is devoted to poetry. Thus this part gives no less than twenty-eight choice extracts from various authors of note, among whom we find Herschel, Froissart, Massinger, Bishop Hall, Landor, Coleridge, Canning, Arnott, Lord Bacon, Crabbe, Swift, Hume, C. Lamb, Buffon, Hooker, Wordsworth, Sir H. Davy, Channing, Arnold, and Jeremy Taylor. We trust that the success of this volume will be such as to induce Mr. KNIGHT to favour the public with a second and third series selected with equal taste.

The British Gazetteer. Part XIII. This most complete work of the kind yet produced, advances as far as the letter G. It contains two large county maps and one steel engraving. The information is extremely copious, and most of it original.

The Cottage Gardener, for April, continues to recommend itself to all who have a garden, however small, by its excellent adaptation to their wants. It is really what it is called—a help to the amateur.

The Family Herald, for April, contains its usual strange but amusing mixture of sense and nonsense, good and bad writing.

The 32nd part of *The Land we Live In*, is devoted very seasonably to the Exhibitions of London, to which it forms quite a guide and hand-book, and it is profusely embellished with engravings.

The Looker-On, is a new monthly magazine, published at a low price, and containing original papers of various degrees of merit.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

Reisen in den Niederlanden. *Travels in the Netherlands.* By J. G. KOHL. Leipsic: 1850. London: Dulau and Co.

Mr. KOHL is already well-known to the English public, as the author of *Books of Travels* in different parts of Europe, some of which have been translated, and are hardly less popular with us, than with his own countrymen. The account which we now have of Mr. KOHL'S travels in the Netherlands is very interesting, and quite realises the author's intention, when he says, that he offers himself as a companion rather, than as a guide. He says that many works have appeared descriptive of the churches, public buildings, museums, paintings and works of art in Holland and Belgium, and travellers have directed their attention to the fruitful results of the cultivation of the arts rather, than to the aspect of the country itself, and the peculiar characteristics of the inhabitants. Mr. KOHL has not contented himself with visiting the galleries and museums in the chief towns of Belgium, Flanders and Holland, but he has wandered in town and country, and on the sea-shore, and there sought for the characters and scenes of humble life, which awakened the genius, and engaged the pencils, of OSTADE, TENIERS, REMBRANDT, VAN DER NAER, RUTSDAEL and others. Mr. KOHL has been no less happy in his descriptions than heretofore, and we shall be glad to see his "Travels" translated into English, but the ruinously cheap form of publication at present adopted, renders the success of such an undertaking more doubtful than hitherto. We may say, however, to those who are at all conversant with German, that they cannot fail to be pleased with the perusal of the book, and that they will find no difficulty in understanding the author's easy-flowing language.

The course of our author's journeyings was from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, thence to Liege, Louvain, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges,

Ostend, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Utrecht, whence he returned to the German frontier.

The condition of the inhabitants of Belgium, their abodes and styles of living, contrast most favourably, in the author's mind, with social life in Germany, and his impressions on this subject are vividly expressed in the following passage:

The custom of building great barrack-like houses, which prevails in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and other cities, for the occupation of different families, is alone sufficient to banish all comfort from domestic architecture. In such houses, the hall, the stairs, the corridors, are but a continuation of the street—equally open to the public, and liable to noise and dirt. The house, in such cases, loses all sacredness and repose, and the principle "my house is my castle," finds no application. In the Flemish and Dutch Netherlands, as well as in a great part of North-Western Germany and Lower Saxony, this principle has been kept more in view; and this is the first condition for the beauty, comfort, and domestic character of the dwelling-house. But it is only when a man builds his house himself, that he can accommodate it exactly to his wants, his convenience, and his taste. When architects build houses on speculation, a barrack-like uniformity must arise; the rooms are cut to a pattern, and measured off to the tenant, according to the sum he pays. The desire lovingly to adorn every corner of the dwelling, only arises where the inhabitant calls the whole his property, and thinks to leave it to his children. Among us (in Germany), where the entrance is open to everybody who comes in search of one, perhaps, out of a hundred tenants, the passage is dark, dirty, and disagreeable. But what a feeling of pleasure comes over one on stepping into a Flemish, Dutch, or Lower Saxon house. The hall is mostly spacious, in bad weather serving as a playground for the children. Statues and busts stand round for its decoration; old oil paintings, the property of the preceding occupant or his ancestors, hang on the walls. . . . The hall is, in this country, one of the rooms—clean, pleasant, neatly kept and carpeted. . . . In the courts and all the little free spaces between the houses, or elsewhere, you find not only flowers and shrubs, but apricot and almond trees, or vines on the wall, planted, perhaps, by the father or grandfather, and cherished by their descendants, with as much care as Bernhard de Saintine's prisoner took of his Picciola.

None who have travelled in Belgium will fail to acknowledge the truth of the following observations upon the architecture of our houses in England, and those in Belgium:

In English abodes is to be found the greatest comfort, order, neatness, and cleanliness; but they are all (I speak of the ordinary houses of the middle classes in the cities,) without either solidity or architectural beauty. This is explained by the circumstance that these dwellings are erected upon ground that does not belong to the occupant, and, after a longer or a shorter time, mostly ninety-nine years, reverts with all upon it to the estate of some noble landed proprietor. The houses of most English towns are, therefore, all built after one plan,—convenient, certainly, but insipid and unpicturesque. Private residences of any considerable antiquity are only to be found in the country, among the landowners; and the greater part of an English town is rebuilt every century. In Belgium, on the contrary, where houses are built in a very massive style, on freehold land, we find the utmost possible variety, as well as solidity of architecture. Here is, perhaps, a grocer lodged in a building where dwelt, 300 years ago, a Spanish governor, or one of Alba's officers,—nay, it may be the Emperor Maximilian himself; there, is a long row of high gables adorned with carved work, which stood there, precisely as they are now, in the time of Margaret of Parma; here is a public square of the same extent, and bearing the same characteristic features as in the time of Charles the Fifth.

Mr. KOHL thus remarks upon the antiquated and venerable appearance of the towns in Belgium, compared with those in Holland. He says:

The whole of Northern Europe is of much later date than the south, and this fact accounts for the entirely different appearance of Holland and Belgium. Civilization everywhere proceeded from the south, and slowly progressed towards the north, so that the south of Italy and Germany is some centuries older than the north of Germany, and, in spite of the proximity, Belgium is of far greater antiquity than Holland. Every Belgium town dates its origin, and embraces in its history, at least 500 years more than any town in Holland. Bruges, Antwerp, Louvain and Liege were at the height of their renown when scarcely a town was built in Holland. Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague have hardly been of importance for more than 400 years. The relative existence and flourishing condition of Holland and Belgium are in the same degree, in point of time, as that of Prussia, and Austria, and Bavaria. The towns of Holland possess far less interest than those of Belgium: they are uniform and less picturesque. Architecture in Belgium has the varieties of different centuries, while in Holland it is on one model, and belongs to one age only. This historical fact is supported by the coincidence of nature. The south of the Netherlands furnishes a good supply of building materials, of excellent wood and stone, with which grand and durable edifices have been built. Similar materials are not to be found in the north, and dried earth and clay are the only available products. Woodwork and bricks are universal, and therefore handsome and durable buildings are not to be seen. Houses are consequently built much more rapidly in Holland than in Belgium: they always seem new, and hardly ever acquire any appearance of antiquity.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

WE continue, as we have engaged to do, the description of the objects and uses of this Society. We are treating now of that portion of the plan which relates to the Assurance of Leaseholds, Copyholds, and other Terminable or Uncertain Interests in Property.

The origin of the Society proves its thoroughly practical character. It grew out of experience of evils existing for which there was not a remedy.

Its history is as follows:

Our readers are probably aware, that there circulates among the Lawyers of the United Kingdom and in the Colonies, a Journal, called *The Law Times*, which records the proceedings of all the Courts, the progress of the Law, and the doings of the Lawyers, among whom it is the universal medium for intercommunication and intelligence on Professional matters. In the course of his extensive correspondence with the Profession, during seven years, the Editor of that Journal discovered that there existed inconveniences of immense magnitude, almost unknown to the general public, but palpable to the Lawyers who conduct the transfer of Property, and who witness, therefore, the misery often brought upon families, and the ruin produced to individuals, by reason of these inconveniences and difficulties. He discovered that there was a very considerable proportion of the property in the United Kingdom practically locked up, and almost worthless to its nominal owner, because of some formal defects in title, or from the nature of the tenure, which prevented persons from buying it, or lending money upon it. Such was especially the case with *Leaseholds*. A man buys a house or an estate for a term of twenty, fifty, or ninety-nine years, and the consequence is, that he sinks his capital in the purchase-money, and, at the end of the term, he loses both his money and his house or estate. So, when a man takes a house or estate, as tenant, for a term of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, he generally does so under a contract

to repair and keep in repair, to paint outside once in three years, and inside once in seven years, and to give it up at the end of the term in good repair. The consequence of this is, that few are sufficiently careful to lay by every year a sum to meet the cost of these repairs, and then, when the time comes for doing them, the tenant wants the means, the landlord brings an action against him, and he is ruined.

Again, it was discovered by the Editor of *The Law Times* that Leaseholds seldom obtain their full value, when sold, because comparatively few people are willing to sink their capital.

He found that the consequence was still more injurious when it was required to mortgage Leaseholds. Persons, having money to lend, naturally enough, are unwilling to advance it on property which, after a time, must inevitably be lost altogether, and the value of which grows less and less every day as the term contracts. Hence it is difficult to procure more than about one-third or one-half the value upon mortgage of a Leasehold, while upon a Freehold three-fourths, or four-fifths even, are readily lent.

So he found it to be with *Copyholds* and *Lifefolds*. Vast numbers of estates are held upon *Lives*. Few are provident enough to put aside a sum every year to form a fund to pay the renewal fine when the life drops. Hence, too, *Copyholds* and *Lifefolds* are comparatively difficult of Sale or Mortgage.

Having discovered the existence of those practical evils, which resulted often in the most cruel distress to families whose subsistence depends upon such properties, and in incalculable inconvenience to individuals, the Editor of *The Law Times* cast about for some practical means of removing them. After great deliberation, he matured a plan which most effectually attains its object, and which received the universal approval of the Legal Profession, to whom he submitted it, previously to carrying it into operation and bringing it before the public.

"Why should we not," he said, "apply to the removal of this great evil the principle of *Assurance*?" That principle is not necessarily applicable only to contingencies; it may be employed with equal advantage in meeting events that are certain. True it is, that if a man having a Leasehold would calculate exactly what he needs to save every year in order to accumulate a sum sufficient to repay the value of the property when the term expires, he might secure himself. But this is precisely what individuals will not and cannot do. Say that the sum required to be annually laid by is 2*l*. In the first place, he is not likely to be regular in doing so; secondly, even if he puts by his 2*l*. every Christmas, he cannot employ it profitably, so as to make interest of it and it is upon the accumulation of interest and compound interest that the value of a leasehold is calculated to him when he buys it.

Now, that which he cannot do for himself, a Society can do for him. In the first place, having assured, he calculates his assurance as among the payments that must be made, and provides for it just as he does his rent and taxes, and he regulates his expenditure accordingly. Then, although he could not, by putting into his bank or his box 2*l*. every year, make interest and compound interest of it, a Society receiving and putting together some hundreds of such sums is enabled to use the whole to advantage and make interest and compound interest of his 2*l*. as well as of the rest. Thus,

what individuals could not do, an Assurance Office can do for them without difficulty, and they have the farther advantage of sharing the general profits of the office.

But then arose the question—what will be the premiums requisite to permit of such Assurances? Will they not be such as to deter men, who have not unusual forethought, from sacrificing so much present cash for a future repayment with interest. The reader will, no doubt, be as pleased as was the Promoter of the plan to discover, that the advantages are even beyond anything that could have been anticipated by persons not familiar with the extraordinary results of the accumulation of interest. Thus, to assure the repayment of 100*l*. on the expiration of a term of 99 years, the annual payment will be only 3*s*. 4*d*. per year. If you have a Leasehold that cost you 250*l*. on which there is an unexpired term of 60 years, you have only to pay 24*s*. 6*d*. per annum and you save your capital for your family and make your property quite as valuable as if it was freehold. So, if you have a 40 years' term, on the expiration of it you will receive back your purchase-money by paying to the Law Property Assurance Society 26*s*. 6*d*. per annum for each 100*l*. By a slight addition to these premiums the assurer will also share all the profits of the office, which he may either add to his policy, or apply to diminution of his annual payment at his option, and which will thus decrease every three years!

But there are other advantages to be derived from assuring a Leasehold, Copyhold or Lifefold in this office. The persons assuring may have *four-fifths of the profits* added to their policies, either in the form of a bonus, or applied in the reduction of premiums. This will amount to no inconsiderable sum in the course of a term, so that, long before its close, the premium will be extinguished, or the sum to be received will be largely increased. By uniting with it *Life Assurance*, on an extensive scale, with all the most recent improvements, and the other branches of business which the Society undertakes, the additional advantage is gained of greatly diminished cost in the management of each, and consequently an amount of profits considerably greater than could be obtained in an office having only one source of emolument to defray its expenses.

We shall proceed in our next to illustrate by examples the advantages of the kinds of Assurance here described.

But, in the meanwhile, we would direct the attention of readers to the special advantages offered to them by this Society for the *Assurance of their Lives*, a duty which no person should neglect and which should always be commenced in youth, for the double benefit of having only a small annual payment to make, and for the accumulations of the share of profits, which become very great after the lapse of years.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to add that any reader desirous of availing himself of the Society to Assure his *Life*, or his *Leasehold*, *Copyhold*, or *Lifefold Property*, will be supplied with every information, and may effect it by a letter addressed to the Secretary, at the office, 30, Essex-street, Strand.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE Government has definitively appointed M. Arsène Houssaye, a *littérateur* of minor note, to the post of

Director of the Théâtre Français, Paris.—M. Halevy, the celebrated composer, has arrived from Paris to superintend the production of his opera, *La Tempesta*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Scribe is hourly expected.

—Mr. C. Kean has engaged for his new company with that rising artist, Mr. Wigan.—According to the Dutch papers, Holland has produced a splendid contralto singer in the person of Madlle. Adelaide Weinthal, a native of Deventer, who made her *début* recently at the Felix Merites Society in Amsterdam, and sang also before the Royal family at the Hague. She is a pupil of Garcia, and has studied also in the Conservatoire at Paris. It is added that she is coming to London.—Rumour describes the tenor voice of Mr. Augustus Brahms as excellent. With duo preparation on his part, and the co-operation of Mr. Sims Reeves, an English Opera House might now be nearly as well tenored as our Italian theatres.

ART.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ANNUALLY, for forty-six years, has the Water-colour Society furnished one of the now most frequented Exhibitions of the season, growing steadily in reputation and becoming a school. It is boasted by Englishmen, and not denied by Foreign nations, that the British School of Water-colour Artists is apart from all others; that it possesses more resource in the management of material and a larger number of competent professors; that it is more entitled to be recognised as a section of the pictorial power of the country, and as a body in Art. The painters of this class form a compact company,—not less essentially compact for being divided into two; and indeed the formation, a few years ago, of a second Water-colour Society was the best possible proof of the success of the elder body,—of the public estimation in which it is held, and the accomplishment of its efforts. We look upon the two Societies not as rivals, but as coadjutors, working towards the same end, and, if apart, only that each may have a wider and freer field of action.

The greatest achievement we have seen in water-colour art is exhibited this year at the "Old Society" by Mr. JOHN F. LEWIS, being the chief result, and a worthy one, of, as we understand, seven years' occupation. *The Harem* (No. 147), represents a Turkish Gentleman, to the critical decision of whom, surrounded by his three wives, is submitted an Egyptian slave, seated after the Oriental fashion, he looks up, eager and satisfied: she, with her eyes cast down and arms crossed over her bosom, stands erect and stately, while a black eunuch unveils her,—conscious of beauty, and manifesting a kind of reserved pride;—a pride that seems to result scarcely from the fact of admiration, or the disdain of it, but more at having to be admired as something to which admiration is given as a boon rather than offered as a homage. Reclining by her lord, one wife, full and voluptuous in form, just lifts her head from her lolting indolent arm, and gazes with superb eyes; the second, sitting at his feet, of more juvenile and delicate beauty, looks wistfully, but with a touch of scorn, at the new comer:—(this is the youngest of the three, and the one most likely to be supplanted), while the third, half turned away, the least pretty, but the most artful and clever, smiles quietly to herself. Nestled and almost hidden in the cushions, a child sleeps on with its finger in its mouth; a cat, lazy in the heat, rubs against her mistress, and a favourite gazelle, lying down close to the lord of all, has his eyes and his quick senses alive to each movement. Behind this group is a female Moorish attendant who smiles broadly with mouth, teeth and eyes. A boy, dressed in the Albanian costume, holding his master's hookha, stands immediately to the right of the two central figures,—a second gazelle passing between them. In the background is squatted a woman, the owner of the slave, veiled from the mouth downwards; and the composition is completed by two attendants entering,—a woman, whose eyes struck suddenly by the over-bright sun, close in momentary action, and a young man coming after her. To the extreme right is a small stand loaded with fruit, a cat is stretched beneath it, two birds are hopping about a porcelain vase placed in a niche of the wall, and a wasp flies about the room with sharp changes of turning. In sentiment of the subject, both individual and collective,

we can scarcely desire anything that this composition does not possess, and we observed only a few points open to criticism. The drawing of the hands generally is unaccountably defective, and of the slave's feet. Of his imperfection in this respect the Artist would seem to be aware, the feet of all the other figures being concealed,—in one case (that of the boy holding the hookha) with a trace of artificial effort, and this figure has some appearance of attitudinizing. Our last objection is to the occurrence of two grinning heads,—those of the eunuch and the Moorish female, rendered the more conspicuous by national similarity of countenance. We have attempted some description of the action in the picture; but this will give but a very faint idea of its peculiar merits and beauty, which are almost, if not quite, equally dependent on the treatment of the room and the accessories. Round the apartment are windows protected by a minute reticulation of screen-work, and coloured in arabesque figures in the upper part that adjoins the ceiling. The eye reposes on the white walls and on the delicate half-tint shadow that rests on the whole background and passes midway over the figures; but the foreground, warm and bright under the sun, is chequered by the shadows from the screening of the window on the opposite side falling on the lap of the youngest wife, on the slave's robe, on the standing gazelle, and on the floor. The air of the picture, produced by this noble alternation of light and shade and by the variety and silvery tone of colour, and assisted by the open window on the left hand, is marvellous; and not less so is the laboriousness of minute elaboration by means of which the Artist has effected his object. On this point we can only say that he cannot be sufficiently praised. The love of precision in detail is gaining ground in England, and in no instance, perhaps, has the public yet seen it carried so far as here. The colour is harmonious and of a subdued richness: the hand has dared, and dared with success, whatsoever the eye saw, and the picture is altogether unique. May it not remain so long!

Among Mr. Cox's larger contributions are, No. 24, *Summer*, a windy day in hay-making time, dashed in with something of the same excess of healthy strength as moves the group of women tossing hay; No. 35, *Changing the Pasture*; No. 152, *The Water Tower, Kenilworth Castle*; and *A Welsh Funeral, Bettws-y-Coed* (212), full of fine feeling and character; there is the true mournful feeling in the huddled crowd; in the sky and the clouds, and in the tone of colour: this is a work in which a strong power of poetical characterization speaks for itself. Nos. 81, 171, 295-6, 355 and 366, are all good specimens. The quality of blue gloom is conspicuous, used with pictorial feeling, and with an impressive effect. The mind is thoughtful, and the hand practised and strong—careless sometimes, but never feeble.

The clever handling of Mr. W. EVANS is well displayed in No. 2, *Mountain Stream near Conway*, and in a *Study of Chestnut Trees in Greenwich Park* (33), where the transparent water is given with great boldness of touch. His largest work of this year, *Harlech and the distant Mountains in Carnarvonshire*, shows higher purpose, carried out with greater gravity. Night rises midway into the picture, and the passenger who toils up the hill, looking downwards, finds himself, as it were, isolated. "A last remains of sunset," is dull upon the castle and higher peaks.

Mr. W. C. SMITH is very successful in the action of No. 101, *A Squall off St. Maw's, Falmouth Harbour*. The sudden taking aback of the boat, as the wind strikes right against her, is capitally conveyed. A violent love of blue, is often, however, indulged in by Mr. SMITH to too extreme a degree, as witness his *Terrace at Haddon, Lizard Lighthouse* and *Ben Nevis* (Nos. 9, 51, 89.) This love of some one prevalent colour is, indeed, a characteristic of too many among our water-colour artists. In Mr. W. TURNER, it manifests itself in the form of violet distances and pale greenish-primrose grass. Pure in tone, he is not sufficiently warm. How greatly would his *Cheviot Hills as seen from Alwrick Moor* (11), be improved by more combination of tints. Yet there remains much to admire; the red heather, with goats browsing among it; the cloud's shadow in the middle foreground, and the general clearness and precision—qualities visible in all his works, and united in No. 50, *Scene near the Junction of the Riversais and Cherwell*—*Evening*, with unaccustomed mellowness of tone. To the purple school belong Messrs. BENTLEY and NES-

FIELD, WILLIAM and JOHN CALLOW, fond of reddish stone colours, and of what we must call storms washed clean, easy-shaded masses of dark hues, not too gloomy for elegance. Perception of the whole truth is often evident, but the artist stops short: he becomes fearful of too bold an abruptness, and is content to allow the spectator, while admiring neatness and practice of hand, to fill in from imagination those bolder touches which give nature. Assignable to the traditions of this class, is Mr. T. M. RICHARDSON'S *Wreckers* (No. 30); but signs of more original endeavour are to be traced in his two large compositions, the *Scene in Glencoe* (No. 189), with its slaty hills and fresh morning glow, and *Glen Kinglas, Argyleshire*, effective in the steep intermediate abyss.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

ON no previous occasion do we remember to have heard so unanimously expressed an opinion as to the comparative merit of the great Exhibition of the year. From all quarters it seems to be admitted that this is the best within recent experience. The old academy-goer, respectable with eye-glass, and familiar with the line, who walks straight up to the Landseer and the Eastlake, condescends to the younger Associates, and smiles pityingly at the more conspicuous of the last men grown public; the accepted and the rejected; even the badly hung, who rail against those whom they ought to have replaced, but are free to be impartial on the question considered abstractedly; the ladies, too, clustered round attractive pictures of *guere* and "sweet" landscapes, and discussing with animation, those "funny" things to the like whereof last year began to accustom them, which may be laughed at, but which not one visitor fails to observe or to talk of, if possible; all these widely various critics seem to agree in the important point—that advance is here at last, assured and not to be reeled from. But, from this community of deduction, community of premises must not be inferred: here the contest is sharp; and, being now once fairly entered upon, will not be determined for many years yet. The Press will have its share in the skirmishing, and will, doubtless, blow its trumpet for the event; but the public will not be long in taking a side for itself, and being its own art-critic. Above all, let it be remembered that the surest evidence of the fluctuations of the contest, will be given on the very walls of our annual exhibitions. There the relative strengths will be fairly and unmistakably represented, to be judged, both quantity and quality, by all. It is but a little heaven that leavens the whole lump. If it be false heaven, it will fail—if true, it will surely succeed; and it then only remains to know how long the process will last.

The two sections of opinion concerning the present exhibition may be described as that which recognises a more than common amount of excellence in established favourites, and that which believes in the arising of a higher aim, united with a more conscientious severity and study of means, than has hitherto prevailed in our schools of art. For ourselves, we side with both parties; feeling, however, that, while the former consideration is merely satisfactory, the latter is fruitful of hope.

Before passing to the works amenable to the criticism of first impressions, let us stop before Mr. DELAROCHE'S *Cromwell looking at the dead body of Charles I.* (No. 369),—already known, and pronounced upon by public opinion. The mind of this picture, as of every other, is individual; but, in respect of those qualities which go to forming the artist's body, the work may be offered to emulation as a standard of lofty worth. Deep and impressive, the colour and working are remarkable, less for any peculiar excellence than for sustained equality; the eye reposes on it well content, not finding, or even having suggested to it, any incompleteness of parts. How few pictures will bear comparison with it in this regard! As to the artist's intention, we have heard it differently interpreted; some maintaining the expression to be of cruel remorseless triumph, others of a stern relenting: to us it appears rather to imply the sense of necessity; Cromwell looks on Charles, and thinks, "It was to be so: his destiny took him by the hand, and did not loose its hold till he lay here."

The number of other life-sized paintings in the style called "high art," though not large, is this year greater than usual: and it may be noted that of the seven historical and scriptural pictures thus classed, four are to be referred more or less to the French school: indeed,

we are disposed to think that one of the artists, Mr. A. COLIN, comes from across Channel. In his *Columbus before the Council of Salamanca* (No. 537), the dulness of colour and the whole character of treatment are strikingly un-English. There is much physical, and some even intellectual, earnestness in the heads; but the work stops short of grandeur, as the truncated composition of half-length figures, chiefly seated, does of beauty.

The striking success spontaneously achieved by Mr. JOHN CROSS, with his picture of the *Death of Richard Cœur de Lion*, exhibited at Westminster Hall, has never been forgotten; and interest attaches strongly to his first succeeding public appearance. The manly feeling of the work, developed through a thorough mastery of the resources of art, unheralded and delivering its own message, found immediate recognition. Mr. Cross's new painting is the *Burial of the Two Sons of Edward IV. in the Tower* (No. 491.) The children lie, half uncovered; a man pointing at whom, leans to Sir James Tyrrell, with some wicked jest on his lips. Tyrrell, standing behind, occupies the centre, pale and debauched-looking, and haggard from his deed: he raises one hand to shade his face, and with the other motions to one shovelling out the earth, who looks with a troubled compunction from under his brows at the dead bodies. A third assistant raises one of the flag-stones: and at the door stands the hard-featured gaoler, looking over his shoulder ill at ease. The two persons to whom the artist assigns a degree of human feeling are the most rugged in form; grim natures, but not corrupt,—a suggestion of earnest thought. A lantern placed by the new grave gives light; and white clouds visible through the loophole show that the moon is outside: round the bars a cobweb hangs, heavy with dust. The faults of the picture are those of the school in which Mr. Cross—a pupil of Picot, one of the surviving representatives of the French classical dogma—has studied. The actions generally are somewhat constrained, much as though Tyrrell were beckoning the rest to silence, and they had remained fixed in attention. His own attitude is in itself likely to be objected to, though capable—at least as regards purpose—of explanation. The colour is thin, and has the appearance of being absorbed into the canvass—a blemish to be remedied by a second varnishing, but hurtful to the picture in the present exhibition. On the whole, this work appears to us not inferior, in intellectual purpose, to Mr. Cross's *Richard*; but there are more obvious faults, and it is altogether less conspicuous.

There can now no longer remain a doubt that Mr. C. LUCY is one of the elect of art destined to contribute to his epoch. In no painter whose works we can remember is there to be found more of resolute truth, while in none is it accompanied by less of the mere parade of truthfulness.

The increased solidity of thought and manner in Mr. LUCY's pictures of last year is confirmed in this exhibition; it is evidently a permanent advance in power. His present subject, *The Parting of Charles I. from his two youngest Children the day previous to his Execution* (No. 571), is one of those hitherto left for second or third rate artists to work their will upon. Truly none such has here been at work. The arrangement adopted by Mr. LUCY is simple and suggestive. Bishop JUXON, holding the young prince's hand, leads him out into the antechamber where the sentry is posted, and where VANDYCK's portrait of the king has been left hanging; the princess, now on the threshold, looks back at her father for once more; while the quiet head and pattering shoes of the little boy, who is evidently trying to walk faster than he is able, and the delicate manner in which he is being led by the good bishop, are peculiarly happy in their sympathetic appeal. CHARLES, standing, raises one hand to his brow; his face is bewildered with anguish. He is turning unconsciously against the window, and the hand which has just held those of his children for the last time, is quivering helpless to his side. At first, the action of the figure strikes, however, as incomplete; and indeed, perhaps, something better might have been done with the limbs; but the feeling in the head and in the children, assisted by the quietness of the room into which they pass, is not the less real for being perfectly unobtrusive.

If Mr. Cross and Mr. LUCY bear relationship to the French school, Mr. W. CAVE THOMAS is no less cer-

tainly of the German. His studies in Germany and as a sculptor have fitted him rather for the treatment in painting of symbolic subjects, into which a certain system of form and detail may be introduced, than for historic art. We thought he had scarcely done himself justice in No. 451, *Alfred giving a portion of his Last Loaf to the Pilgrim*; and were quite convinced of this on seeing his fine allegoric design, No. 946, of which we shall hereafter have occasion to speak. In the picture there is an essential hardness of drapery and form, not bettered, in the case of the pilgrim, by an academically curved outline; a stoniness about the heads, and a statue-like disposition of attitude carried specially to excess in the manner the queen rests on her husband's shoulder. The precision in portions of detail—as in the fern growing by the palace-steps—suggests the chisel; there is apparent a certain want of at least pictorial keeping between the idea of a last loaf and the richness of Alfred's robe, and of the illuminated missal in his hand. With this closes the list of life-sized historical paintings. It would not be consistent with our own notions of art to speak, under this head, of Mr. JOY's *Cromwell contemplating the Crown* (No. 409); and it would certainly be a dis-service to Mr. JOY to raise a comparison he is unable to sustain.

The scriptural subjects of similar dimensions are three in number: and first of Mr. ARMITAGE's *Aholibah* (No. 486): "When she saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity, and as soon as she saw them with her eyes, she doted upon them, and sent messages unto them into Chaldea." This picture has excited attention on other grounds than simply as a work of art; and it must be allowed that the subject is a little startling. Mr. ARMITAGE has rendered it with intensity and daring, but not with coarseness. He exhibits a power that speaks of physical genius, if no other,—a power greatly beyond any that his previous works had warranted the public in assuming to be his. There is more strength here of conception, of national realization, of drawing, of colour, than in almost any picture in the rooms. Mr. ARMITAGE has availed himself, and with great success, of the Nimroud sculptures; he has not shrunk from his task in the portraying on the wall. The long thin forms and pale faces of Aholibah and her attendant, the women with music in the background, the tame fawns, the net-work that falls outside the chamber to temper the vast plain sky, and the heaviness of heat that presses on all, combine into a whole supremely Oriental. And the largeness of style, with its crude, but not immature, force, is admirable.

For the last two or three years—ever since he became an associate, indeed—Mr. FREDERICK R. PICKERSGILL has entered on the *facilis descensus* to picture-mongering. His *Samson betrayed* (No. 16) is a melancholy proof of this; yet, even here, he has not so entirely succeeded in divesting himself of the higher qualities of a painter, as in his two smaller works. SAMSON sprawls his arms, and huddles his legs into a position totally incompatible with the possibility of sleep; and, even allowing for the gradual withdrawal of her support by DALIAH (such appears the intention of the figure), and, therefore, for his having once found it practicable to fall asleep, it remains to be shown how he could continue so for a moment, in the state here represented. Yet, with all this, the picture possesses elements of fine qualities. The feeling of suspense would be excellently rendered, but that it is frittered away in prettiness and trick. The two women to the right, clinging, clutch hold of each other in the agony of expectation: one winds her fingers deep into the other's hair; and they cannot move or think. But, so miserably perverted is the power of this intention, that not one spectator in a hundred even suspects it, or questions that these figures are introduced there for any other purpose than to wind themselves into the unattainable of nymphlike waviness. Mr. PICKERSGILL seems to have vague notions of combining in his own person Venetian art, a little of ETTA, and a great deal of Mr. FROST; but we would rather see him limit himself to Mr. PICKERSGILL.

Last among the large-subject pictures of the exhibition, we come to Mr. WATTS's *Good Samaritan*: a

tribute (the donkey is reading the words upside-down, traced in long letters on the canvass) to *Thomas Wright of Manchester*. The two principal figures have the space almost entirely to themselves—yellow, bilious-looking subjects: or, perhaps, they are jaundiced, and Mr. WATTS holds that the surrounding objects—the sky and themselves included—should be painted of the colour seen by them. The weak helplessness of him who fell among thieves, leaning his whole weight upon his preserver, is given with much truth; and, beyond this, our congratulations to Mr. WATTS cannot extend.

It will be observed that the six large works here described (we omit further allusion to Mr. COLINS), are all by artists who distinguished themselves in the Westminster Hall competitions on a similar scale of size; all of them, Mr. PICKERSGILL excepted, having there first become known. Perhaps it is well, in the present stage of English art, that the ambition of size should not be extensively diffused. The big is the great in but few hands.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

OUR readers will be aware that in the two last years a gallery of pictures was opened at Hyde Park Corner under the title of the "Free Exhibition;" and some of them may also remember what amount of meaning belonged to that name. A free exhibition which taxes the artists contributing for their space, and the public visiting for their visit, is indeed free—to be left alone; and it is no more than common knowledge of the value of words, and merely willingness not consciously to set that value at naught, that has led to the discontinuance of the appellation.

It has by this time well nigh escaped public recollection that the idea of this exhibition was first carried out—and then to its full titular extent—at the Egyptian Hall in 1847. But the organization of means was then so imperfect, the works sent of a quality generally so mediocre, that it cannot be matter of surprise that the design was modified in the succeeding year, and still further last season. A gratuitous institution, to be in any way self-supporting, demands a large share of popularity; pictures for seeing which a public neither do nor would pay, and which, moreover, do not sell, will scarcely be found a profitable subject of speculation; nor is the advancement of art greatly concerned in the exhibiting of such, at least not in an affirmative sense.

The system of free admission has, then, since this first attempt, been in course of gradual abandonment; and the National Institution of this year, in stating its present position, merely announces that "the Galleries will be opened at the end of the season for a fortnight, free of charge, for the benefit of the working classes." That such much even is a step in the right path will not be disputed; nor are we by any means desirous of contesting the propriety, under existing conditions, of the course now permanently adopted and avowed. The character of the exhibition has steadily improved; and it may now be safely classed as not inferior in general merit to any except that of the Royal Academy.

The peculiarity still belonging to the National Institution—exclusive of the halfpennyworth of "freedom" yet left to this "intolerable deal of sack"—is the payment, by its exhibiting members, of a sum in proportion to the space occupied by them on the walls; a system of voluntary taxation framed to supersede the virtual outlawry decreed to many pictures by the hanging committees at other galleries. Thus no work is hung out of sight; while provision is made—or intended—against unworthy contributions by a discretionary power of admission vested in the society.

The removal of the exhibition from Hyde Park Corner to the Portland Gallery, No. 316, Regent-street, is a measure of prudence consequent on the non-centrality of the former site; and certainly, as far as our experience goes, the number of visitors appears to have increased. The society is now in possession of four spacious and well-ordered rooms; and seems able, with due self-reliance and a sufficient exercise of strictness in selection, to establish itself on a firm footing.

Here press of matter compels us to pause for the present. We must reserve our analysis of the present Exhibition for the next number.

The *Art Journal*, for May, opens with a superb engraving of WYON's medal of *St. George and the Dragon*,

quite a miracle of art; and, in addition to this, we have selected from the Vernon Gallery, HERBERT's fine picture of *Sir Thomas More*, and WILKIE's *Reading the News*, each worth about four times the price of the whole number. But, besides these, there are some fifty first-rate woodcuts, illustrating articles on "Art Manufactures in the Classical Epochs," on "The Applications of Science to Art," Mrs. HALL's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," "The Decorations of Versailles," and a "Dictionary of Terms of Art."

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Among the sales of works of art announced for the month is one by Messrs. Robins of the Marquis Albizzi's gallery. The catalogue is rich in promise, the list including some fine works by Italian and Dutch Masters. One novelty, especially, will attract, viz., a large painting representing the Baptism of Christ, by Immersion.

The pictures of the Vernon collection are already being removed to Marlborough House, where they may probably be seen during the Whitsuntide holidays.—Mr. Wyon, R.A., has been commissioned by the East India Company to prepare a die for a gold medal, to be presented to Major Edwardes, in acknowledgment of the eminent services rendered by this officer during the recent war in the East. As it is intended solely for the Major, the die, we understand, will be destroyed when the medal is cast, so that no duplicate shall exist. Such a testimonial is of very rare occurrence; so rare, indeed, as to have but one precedent, as far as we can ascertain, and that was in the case of Blake, the distinguished Admiral of the Commonwealth, for whom a medal was struck, from a design by Thomas Simon, the famous medallist of that period. This medal passed through a succession of owners till it was purchased by William IV.; it is now, we believe, in the possession of Her Majesty.—Mr. R. Gordon Cumming, a Scottish gentleman, has spent some five or six years of his life in the wilds of Southern Africa, where he has lived literally the life of a hunter. He preserved the trophies of his multitudinous victories over the native lords of the forest and plain; and these he has arranged in one of the grand rooms of the old Chinese Exhibition, at Hyde-park Corner. To the naturalist, as well as to the lover of romantic enterprise, this exhibition will prove singularly interesting, illustrating, as it does in the most vivid manner, the savage life of the regions indicated.—Messrs. Christie and Manson have been engaged in disposing of the collection of oil sketches by the late Mr. William Etty, R.A., sold by order of the executor of the deceased artist. The sketches consist chiefly of studies on millboard of paintings in the character of this great artist's works, many of them very slight, but all giving evidence of the master's hand. The sale, which is to extend over four more days, has hitherto excited a great deal of interest, and the rooms have been very well attended by dealers and connoisseurs. The first day's sale, consisting of 122 lots, realized rather more than 500*l.*, or an average of 5*l.* each sketch. Among the sketches were some copies from the Old Masters, one of which "Time leading Truth to Heaven," after Rubens, realized 22*l.*, and "Jupiter and Juno," after the same artist, 15*l.* The sale to-day includes a fine copy of the celebrated picture "Divine Love," after Titian, in the Borghese Palace, and some drawings in water-colours after pictures by West.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. LUMLEY has been indefatigable in the production of a succession of favourite operas, so as to tempt to more frequent visits. *I due Foscari*, *Ernani* and *Puritani*, have appeared since our last. A crowded house was attracted by the latter, for it was announced that Madame SONTAG would take the part of *Elvira*; and it was anticipated that it would prove to be peculiarly adapted for her voice and style. Nor was expectation disappointed: it was a lyrical triumph. She threw into it the most touching expressions of feeling, and, in the mad scenes, there was an energy of action, such as is rarely witnessed in opera. A duet with LABLACHE *San Virgine*, was enthusiastically encored. M. BEAN-CARDE's *Arturo*, was, also, very fine, touching and

tender in the extreme, and gave unqualified pleasure by the pathos which he threw into his voice, and the ease with which he mastered some of the most difficult passages. Great praise is due to M. BALFE, for the care that had evidently been bestowed upon the orchestra, in the getting up of the instrumental music. The greatest attraction of the Haymarket is, however, the ballet, which has been got up with a splendour and completeness rarely equalled, and never excelled. It is creating quite a *furor*, and proves almost as attractive as was the music of JENNY LIND. The *pas de trois*, in *Les Trois Graces*, has become as famous as the *Pas de Quatre* of two seasons ago. No visitor to town should fail to see it. It is the very poetry of the dance.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—True to its design of devoting the stage to the lyric drama alone, but produced in the best manner in which the greatest collection of the genius of the lyric stage now existing in Europe could accomplish it, this theatre has been attracting delighted crowds, by the reproduction of *Les Huguenots*. The part of *Valentina* is taken by GRISI, who throws into it all that terrific energy of passion in which she has no rival—riveting the attention of the audience by the influence that always attends the presence of real power. MARIO's *Raoul* was a finished performance. The *Ah più Bianca*, was sung with much feeling: in the duet with the Queen, he displayed the very spirit of gallantry, and, in the famous septuor, the fluency and brilliancy with which he soared above his comrades, in the high notes that express his confidence in his cause, called forth an unanimous burst of applause, and an irresistible demand for an *encore*. Nor less eloquent of musical expression was the duet with GRISI, while the tocsin is sounding. FORMES appeared as *Marcel*, and embodied the serving-man, with wonderful power. His most successful air was *Pif Paf*. Madame CASTELLAN played *Marguerite* with ability, and we must not pass unnoticed the *Page* of Madame de MERIC. The chorus of the Benediction of the Poinards, Act 3, was, as usual, rapturously encored. *Der Freyschütz* was produced on Thursday last, with FORMES as *Caspar*. It was a great attraction, as it always proves, and the success of that evening will, we trust, encourage the conductors to a repetition of it.

DRURY LANE.—This unfortunate theatre closed on Saturday, the 4th, with an address from Mr. ANDERSON, delivered with a considerable degree of feeling, in which he attempted to ascribe much of his failure to the coldness of the public and of the public press. He omitted to ascribe a reason for that coldness, which, however, might have easily suggested itself. It is neither the duty of the press, nor the pleasure of the public, to laud inefficient performances; and Mr. ANDERSON's company, strong in a very few features, was altogether one of the weakest that ever occupied a metropolitan stage. But we nevertheless sympathize with Mr. ANDERSON, whose intentions have been praiseworthy, and we sincerely hope the lesson he has received in management may conduce to a more prosperous issue in his next enterprise, which he assures us will be at Christmas. On the evening of the 1st, Miss VANDENHOFF's benefit drew a full house. The performance was *Antigone*, produced for the first time on the British stage in 1845, when Mr. and Miss VANDENHOFF performed the principal characters, as on the present occasion. The *Creon* of Mr. VANDENHOFF is one of the finest pieces of acting we have ever witnessed. Dignified, massive, regal even in despair, it was a picture as well as a poem. Miss VANDENHOFF's single great part is that of *Antigone*; in all others we can but too easily detect flaws; in this we can find none. She has devoted intense study to it, and has succeeded in making it heart-rending from pathos. The gentle womanly character of *Ismene* was charmingly portrayed by Miss PHILLIPS. The accompanying music was given as well as the resources of the house could afford.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD's new five-act comedy made its appearance here on the evening of the 9th, and was quite successful. The plot is meagre to a fault, neither is what there is of it "little and good." Mr. Snowball (Mr. KEELEY), a weak, yet selfishly obstinate man, expecting to be heir to a rich relative, is disappointed, and the affair is thrown into Chancery, his opponent being a fair, but shrewd young widow, Mrs. Peachbloom (Miss REYNOLDS), who loves and is

loved by Captain Burgonet (Mr. HOWE.) Mr. Snowball, who is completely under the control of Dr. Petgoose (Mr. WALLACK), a cunning, mercenary physician, half quack, half blackleg, resolves to woo the widow, and thereby ensure the possession of the disputed property; but changing his mind when any little cloud arises to mar the likelihood of her success in the law suit, she soon sees through his plot, and diverts herself by teasing him. His assumption of rheumatic fits, that disable him from all action, are assisted by Dr. Petgoose, who, on other occasions, bullies him into a state of the most degrading subjection, making him the cat's paw. In the end, however, when he sees the widow not only successful in law but in love, and finds that, with all his manœuvring art, he has been fooled and ruled by the doctor, he asserts his right to act for himself, and continues the mean, selfish, unlovable, but much-to-be-laughed-at character in which he appeared at the rising of the curtain. There is an under-plot, through which runs the main stream of the comic portion of the play. A maid servant, Rosemary (Mrs. KEELEY), is wooed by a drummer, Appleface (Mr. BUCKSTONE), and, hidden by her in a bed-room, is obliged to assume the disguise of a lawyer's clerk before he can escape. In this character he is thrown into the society of *Cassandra* (Mrs. L. BUCKINGHAM), and fancying she loves him, though she is merely laughing at him, he forsakes his faithful Rosemary and makes passionate love to her mistress. There is a great deal of good fun in the scenes between Appleface and the parties, including his officer, and the wily Doctor, who are imposed upon by his appearance and manner. There is also much amusement excited by the indignation testified by the charlatan physician at discovering in a certain Mr. Coolcard (Mr. WEBSTER), a noted begging-letter impostor, who, in the course of the play, assumes three different disguises. At the close, Appleface, finding himself laughed at by the lady, pleads for mercy, and is forgiven by the maid, who has, meanwhile, purchased his discharge. The reader will perceive that the events in this five-act comedy are neither interesting, new, nor sufficing. Had the success of the play depended on them, Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD would have come off with a *fiasco*. But he had other resources, and these are lavished bountifully. The whole piece sparkles with epigrammatic gems, that do more than glitter, for they cut and slash like fairy poniards. The wit is flowing and racy, the language perspicuous and concise—but, with all this, a sense of tedium imperceptibly steals over the audience, who look for something more than dialogue, be it of the brightest, and who try in vain to affix a definite purpose to the whole affair. The comedy wants a decided aim, for it is not enough to make unworthiness ridiculous; and no higher object appears to have been accomplished. In fact, it is a piece of sparkling writing, *mise en action*: no more! The actors did much for its success. Mr. KEELEY's representation of the mean, cowed, yet cunning and passionate cat's paw, was highly artistic. Mr. WALLACK, playing a part entirely out of his line, evinced powers that capacitate him for any line. Whilst Mrs. KEELEY, as the straight-forward, energetic servant-maid, and BUCKSTONE, as her "drummer," threw into their separate rôles an amount of dramatic effect that conducted mainly to the prosperous fate of the piece.

ADELPHI.—The novelty at this house has been a Musical Comic Drama, by Mr. CHARLES SELBY, entitled *The White Sergeants, or the Buttermill Volunteers*, which was produced with that success which seems to attend all Adelphi pieces, on the evening of the 6th. The "White Sergeants" (why white?) is one of those pieces in which ladies, assuming a military qualification, are opposed by gentlemen who ultimately dupe them, and become duped by them. A few tradesmen attend a yeomanry meeting, glorying in the prospect of self-banishment for a time from their wives, who, induced by a smart Frenchwoman, Mlle De TOURVILLE, (Madame CELESTE,) follow them in a sort of military attire, which is not, however, intended as a disguise. At the yeomanry meeting are also a party of Hussar officers, who fall in with our pursuing wives, and make violent love to them; the indignant females manage so that the Hussars' own wives shall arrive, and make them jealous in turn, by appearing in strange situations with the tradesmen husbands. This plot is not remarkable for originality, and Mr. CHARLES SELBY's farce is generally of the broadest. But he has given something that will raise a laugh, and if the wit be not of the

richest, it, at all events, leads to nothing pernicious. A chambermaid, *Dolly Duggins*, ably played by Miss WOOLGAR, and a "rustic Boots," by Mr. WRIGHT, are strong reinforcements to the fun. In one scene between them, where the jealousy of the lover is soothed away by the blandishments of the fair one, the acting on both sides was really very excellent. Miss WOOLGAR's provincial argot is racy and natural. Some songs were nicely sung by Miss FITZWILLIAM; and a tipsy scene between her lover, played by Mr. MUNYARD, and Boots was very cleverly done. The piece was well dressed, and all the great cards of Madame Celeste's theatrical pack are employed in it. But, verily, at any other theatre, its success would have been dubious.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: FRENCH PLAYS.—The loss which the company at this house experienced in the persons of Mlle. DENAIN and M. SAMSON, has been amply repaired by the appearance of Mlle. NATHALIE, M. REGNIER and M. LAFONT. Three new comedies have been performed during the past fortnight, in which they filled the principal characters. *La Cameraderie*, *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, and *Gabrielle*. Mlle. NATHALIE and M. REGNIER appeared in their original characters in *Gabrielle* and obtained the most unequivocal success.

THE STRAND.—*Not to be Done* is the title of a new farce which has been produced here, and of which the plot is as follows:—A wager has been made by two young men, by the terms of which he who remains a bachelor on the day when the piece commences is to lose a hundred pounds to the other. The leading gentleman of the two (we have lost our bill and forgotten the names), whose boast has always been that he "was not to be done," having continued single, whilst his companion has entered the bonds of matrimony, has fairly lost the bet; but resolved to evade the payment of the money, he endeavours to pass off a servant maid as his wife; introducing her at a party given by a rich old uncle of his, who is horribly shocked by his pseudo niece's vulgarity. The appearance of the lady's parents—a drunken old man and a snuff-taking old woman, add to his disgust and displeasure; and his nephew is at last glad to own the fraud, to confess himself the loser of the wager, and to agree in the general opinion that he has been done! His adversary had meanwhile been aware of the plot against him, and had conduced to the advancement of his just claims by successively assuming to be the father and mother of the pretended wife. This part was very cleverly rendered by Mr. LEIGH MURRAY, who exhibited a comic ability for which we had not given him credit. He was ably supported by Miss MARSHALL, as the servant girl. The piece is vivacious, and written with dramatic fitness, but on the first night was marred by some *grosièrte* of language, which has, we hope, been since expunged.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Dr. BACHOFFNER has commenced his second lecture on the Philosophy of Scientific Recreation, the subject-matter of which, is confined to optics, and the laws governing sensation and colour. This lecture is rendered extremely interesting by the numerous brilliant experiments with which the Doctor illustrates his discourse. Mr. PIPPER has, also, been daily lecturing on popular Chemistry, his present subject being the different methods proposed to be used in conveying pyrotechnic and other signals to the expedition in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, in the Arctic Regions.

PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mr. BUFORD has surpassed himself in his Panorama of the *Lakes of Killarney*, opened to the public on Monday. As a painting it is wonderful, so real in form, hue, and expression: the atmosphere, the deep blue of the lakes, the woods, the mountain steeps, being such perfect transcripts of nature that the only difficulty is to assure oneself that it is *not reality*. The subject will attract multitudes to gaze, and the beauty of the picture will excite the admiration of the mind as much as the loveliness of the scenery itself will charm the eye.

THE PANORAMA OF THE NILE, at the Egyptian Hall, continues to draw crowds of admirers. No holiday visitor should fail to see it.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

We hear no talk of books. Expressions of surprise at the scarcity of new ones increase. There is a lull in

literature as in everything else. Thinkers do not write. Why, we know not. Perhaps none have the boldness which the age avowedly requires. Even novelty, without boldness, would now be out of place.

It is not agreed who shall succeed Wordsworth as a recipient of Royal bounty, or if there shall be a successor at all—to the title. We have said we are indifferent as to the Laureateship, for it is a worthless, perhaps a ludicrous, mode of honouring genius. Many critics seem especially anxious that Leigh Hunt should have the pension and the honour, if any do. We cannot admit his claim. As a pensioner he is already recognised. And his poetical genius is not such as to entitle him to more than one prize. Why ignore the claims to notice of Tom Moore, James Montgomery, and Professor Wilson? Our rewards for literary men are already mean and few. But a partial distribution should be avoided, at all events.

Wordsworth was buried at Grasmere, on Saturday week. The funeral was intended to be as private as possible, but many persons assembled to pay honour to the remains of the illustrious dead. There was a long procession of carriages and horsemen, and the church was filled with ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, attired in deep mourning. Wordsworth has left a poem descriptive of his life, reflections, and opinions, with directions that it should be published after his decease, together with such biographical notices as may be requisite to illustrate his writings, under the editorial care of his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., canon of Westminster, whom he has appointed his literary executor. The poem, most of Wordsworth's admirers will remember, is more than once referred to, and quoted from, in his published works, under the name of "The Recluse," of which, as the poet himself tells us "The Excursion" is a part.—The *Daily News* relates that for some time there has been travelling in the interior of the remote island of Borneo, and sojourning among its rude people of head-hunters, a young man of the name of Burns, and this young man is the grandson of Robert Burns and "bonny Jean." This adventurous youth has not only been hospitably and kindly treated by the rude Dyaks, but a prince of the Kayan nation, the most powerful of the island, has given him one of his daughters to wife; so that the future biographers of Robert Burns will, in all human likelihood, be able to enumerate among his descendants those also of a Bornean prince. Mr. Burns has discovered mines of antimony and coal fields in Borneo more extensive than any in the world, out of America. He seems, moreover, to be not only a person of great enterprise, but also a man of intelligence and good education; for he has written and published by far the best and most authentic account of Borneo which has hitherto been given to the public. The grandson in short, of him who sang "on the banks of Ayr," is an intrepid and intelligent traveller in the woods of Borneo and on the Equator. We do not think the poet could have anticipated this destiny for a descendant, although for his forefathers, it was among his aspirations that some of them may possibly have followed the Scots kings in the charge of a hostile force of the storming of a breach:—

Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led.

Mr. Garcin de Tassy's *History of Hindostani Literature* has been translated into the native tongue, and published in a folio volume of 500 pages—a compliment that should not be lost sight of.—Mr. Edward J. Chapman has been appointed to the Professorship of Mineralogy recently instituted in University College, London.—The number of journals now published in the Austrian empire amount to 179; of which 92 are German, 50 Italian, 28 Slavonian, 7 Hungarian, and 2 Roman.—The Spanish Government has instituted a commission intrusted to draw up, from the official documents deposited in the archives of the kingdom, a complete refutation of the account of the Battle of Baylen given by M. Thiers in his *History of the Consulate and Empire*.—The Sultan of Turkey, says the correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, exercises a good deal of very efficient patronage in Paris. His generous grant of an extensive tract of land to Lamartine is well known; the other day he presented 200*l.* to the Institute Historique, when the French Government gave only 12*l.*; his purchases of pictures, statues, &c., amount to an

important sum in the course of the year; he has given crosses and ribbons to many popular scribes and painters; and, finally, no literary man or artist really worthy of protection makes a direct appeal to him in vain. Besides this, he maintains in Paris, at considerable cost, a large school, in which a number of young Turks are clothed, lodged, and carefully educated for different professions. His ambassador, moreover, the Prince of Callimaki, takes a positive pleasure in doing honour to art and literature, in the persons of their most eminent representatives.—A circular from Prof. Schumacher has brought an announcement of the discovery of a new telescopic comet, by Dr. Petersen, at the Royal Observatory of Altona, on the 1st of May.

The second soirée of Lord Rosse, as President of the Royal Society, was held on Saturday se'night. Among the objects in the saloons were several additional drawings of nebulae discovered by his lordship's telescope. Mr. Penrose exhibited his machine for drawing geometric curves; and Mr. Shepherd—who has been employed by the Admiralty to prepare balloons for the Arctic Expeditions—exhibited specimens of the balloons, and showed the manner in which the messages are attached. The next soirée will take place on the 18th instant.

The library of the clerks of the Bank of England is making progress. The reading room is preparing. It is hoped that one or two months may see the library open for circulation with six thousand volumes.—A large public library is to be established in the centre of a crowded district in Manchester. A large number of firms have subscribed 100*l.* each; and Sir Oswald Mosley, formerly the lord of the manor of Manchester, and owner of the land, is desirous to further the object. The Hall of Science erected ten years ago by the Socialists will be purchased for the purpose. The library will be a "lending" one.—The *Morning Chronicle* speaks of an important discovery said to have been made in Oregon, which, in consequence of the great increase of commerce between that place and San Francisco, will have a material influence on trade. A new and fine entrance to the mouth of the Columbia River has been discovered by accident. The Southern Pass, as it is called, has hitherto been deemed impracticable; but two vessels, it seems, have passed through it into the open sea, and the least water found was about six fathoms. It is intended to be immediately surveyed.

From an account in detail of the manner in which the 1,000*l.* voted annually voted for rewards, experiments and other expenses for scientific purposes has been expended during the last three years, it appears that in 1847-48 the sum was 313*l.* 9*s.*; in 1848-49, 748*l.* 9*s.*, of which the largest recipients were Mr. C. Brooke, 500*l.*, for his invention and establishment at the Royal Observatory of the apparatus for the self-registration of magnetical and meteorological phenomena; to Mr. J. T. Towson, 100*l.* for his services in preparing tables for great circle sailing; and to Commander H. B. Weston, 100*l.* for discovering a method of finding the longitude by chronometer at sunrise and sunset, with tables. In 1849-50, the expenses, rewards, &c., amounted to 100*l.*, being two allowances of 50*l.* each—one to Commander A. B. Beecher, as editor of the *Nautical Magazine*, and one to Mr. James Gordon, to enable him to publish a work entitled "The Lunar and Time Table."

A correspondent of the *Times* gives some interesting details respecting Mr. Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. Mr. Richardson, he says, left Tripoli on the morning of Good Friday for the interior of Africa. "The transport of the boat for navigating the lakes has been a source of great anxiety and immense difficulty. It has to be conveyed a four months' journey over the burning sands of Africa before it reaches Lake Tshad. The admiral at Malta has constructed a beautiful craft, broad in the beam and as light as cork on the water. Mr. Richardson and his German travelling companions proceed first to Mourzouk by the route of Migdal, not yet travelled by Europeans; afterwards from Mourzouk to Ghat, and thence through the country of the Souanicks to Aheer and Ughachy, where, on the frontiers of Soudan, they will await the termination of the rainy season in the tropics, during which all human labour is suspended. This season of fever terminated, Mr. Richardson and Drs. Barker and Overweg will proceed to Kanon and Tukkaton, the principal cities of Soudan and of the Fellentals' empire.

They will then turn eastward to Bornou, when they will explore the waters of Lake Tshad; and if anything happen to the boat *en route* they will construct a new one, being well provided with tools and other boat-building apparatus. The shores of the Tshad being explored, Drs. Barker and Overweg will separate from Mr. Richardson,—the two former proceeding further east towards the Mountains of the Moon and the eastern coast of Africa, and the last returning north to the Mediterranean on the old Bornou route. Mr. Richardson is expected to return to Tripoli in the course of a year and a half; but of course the period of the return of his companions cannot be brought within the same compass, nor even conjectured."

In consequence of the numerous applications for admission to the library of the British Museum by persons who are not provided with a card of *entrée* or letter to obtain one, to prevent disappointment the following are the regulations of that national establishment:—The reading-room is open every day except on Sundays, on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Christmas-day, and on any fast or thanksgiving days ordered by authority; except also between the 1st and 7th of May, the 1st and 7th of September, and the 1st and 7th of January, inclusive. The hours are from 9 till 7 during May, June, July, and August, and from 9 till 4 during the rest of the year. Persons desirous of admission are to send in their applications in writing, specifying their Christian and surnames, rank or profession, and places of abode, to the principal librarian, or, in his absence, to the secretary, or, in his absence, to the senior under-librarian, who will either immediately admit such persons or lay their applications before the next meeting of the trustees. Every person applying is to produce a recommendation satisfactory to a trustee or an officer of the establishment. Applications defective in this respect will not be attended to. Permission will in general be granted for six months, and at the expiration of this term fresh application is to be made for a renewal. The tickets given to readers are not transferable, and no person can be admitted without a ticket. Persons under eighteen years of age are not admissible. Readers before leaving the room are to return the books or MSS. they have received to an attendant, and are to obtain the corresponding ticket, the reader being responsible for such books or manuscripts so long as the ticket remains uncanceled. Readers will be allowed to make one or more extracts from any printed book or manuscript; but no whole or greater part of a manuscript is to be transcribed without a particular permission from the trustees. The transcribers are not to lay the papers on which they write on any part of the book or manuscript they are using, nor are any tracings allowed without special leave of the trustees. No person is, on any pretence whatever, to write on any part of a printed book or manuscript belonging to the Museum; but, if any one should observe a defect in such book or manuscript, he is requested to signify the same to the officer in waiting, who will make proper use of the information. It may be sufficient merely to suggest that silence is absolutely requisite in a place dedicated to the purposes of study. The persons whose recommendations are accepted are Peers of the realm, members of Parliament, Judges, Queen's Counsel, Masters in Chancery or any of the great law officers of the Crown, any one of the forty-eight trustees of the British Museum, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rectors of parishes in the metropolis, principals or heads of colleges, eminent physicians and surgeons, and Royal Academicians, or any gentlemen in superior post to an ordinary clerk in any of the public offices. The public are admitted gratis to view the different collections of minerals, birds, antiquities, &c., on Mondays Wednesdays, and Fridays, from May 7 to September 1, from 10 till 7 o'clock, and from September 7 to May 1, from 10 till 4 o'clock.

HONEST EXERCISE.—A down east spendthrift recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my exertions!"—"Well, where are you?" "Why, I owe more than 3,000 dollars!"—*Kentucky Moderator*.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S waggery has accompanied him to Constantinople, a Turkish paper mentioning the arrival at that place of "a most celebrated English political economist, publicist, and archaeologist, author, amongst other works, of the 'Wealth of Nations' and the 'History of Ghent'—Mr. Albert Smith.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.
LOVE.

BY E. H. BURRINGTON,
Author of "Revelations of the Beautiful," &c.
There's no consumptiveness in Love, no slips,
Nor slackness in the pressure of soft hands,
No faintness in the touch of softest lips!
Love from an individual form expands
To universal feeling. He who best
Loves one of all mankind will love the rest
The better from that one. For ever growing,
Love clings to earth and sighs for the eternal,
And in its growth and nature still is showing
A cloudless brow that evermore is vernal.
It is not Love, but Fancy, that in starts
Abruptly grasps a joy and quits it soon;
Progression is the life of loving hearts,
A radiant step of morn still gliding into noon!

TWO SONNETS ON ONE SUBJECT.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.
With death around us, and on every hand
The dead, invisible, we shrink far less
From living evil and the painful stress
Of sorrow, than from shadowy fears that stand
Like mists between us and that better land
Where life is an eternal peace. The press
Of human feet, that come in wantonness,
We hear untroubled; while a dismal band
Of terrors scare us if our chamber shows
A winding sheet within it: and our tread
Falters as we approach the grave, which throws
Its dust to welcome ours! Death is the bed
Where sin and sorrow end—life's constant foe:—
Where e'er we walk, we walk upon the dead!

II.
Where'er we walk, our feet are on the dead!
But as we see them not, where swathed they lie
In the earth's shroud, we pass them, careless, by,
Nor know that human bones beneath our tread
Make for poor seeds rich soil—for worms a bed!
Yet death, far more than life, is with us. Why
Start we at gaze of corpses, where the eye
Detects no motion—while our steps have fled
Affrighted from a movement in the dark
Of brimming graveyards, yet all boldly face
The baneful life that stares us in the light?
—Death cannot harm us, nor the spirits' ark
Whence life hath flown: for o'er the fellest place
Is that which living nature maketh bright!

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

A FAT MAN.—There is something cordial in a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are—all skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies upon him; he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of the earth, and the fulness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good humour. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is, *per se*, a popular man; and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is; for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. . . . A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is *cognizable*; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is almost a shadow, and hence it is that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence; to persuade you that he is actually something; that he is more than non-entity; that he is a positive substance as well as his corpulent fellow-creature. . . . It really does take a deal of wrong to make one actually hate a fat man; and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man as we ought to be, Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his *thinness*. A fat man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions;

a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the *continuation of a point*.—*Giles's Lectures*.

THE FREE GALLERY OF THE AMERICAN
ART-UNION.

Here at last the hearts of beauty
In their fittest home abide,
Not beneath the gilded ceilings
Of the palaces of pride;
Not in lordly shrines sequestered,
For the favoured few alone,
But in simple halls whose portals
Open to the world are thrown!
Close beside the whirl incessant
Of the city's ceaseless din,
Free to all who choose to enter,
Is the wealth of art within;
And the rich man and the poor man,
Turning from the crowded street,
In the fellowship of feeling,
Here as equals still may meet!
Here the child may stray at pleasure,
And his eager gaze beholds
All the marvels that the magic
Of the painter's art unfolds;
While the forms of grace around him,
Rising on his raptured sight,
Quickened all his youthful fancy
With a new and strange delight.
Here the care-worn son of traffic,
Lingering for a moment's glance,
Catches from the glowing canvas,
Like the glimmerings of a trance,
Many a golden glimpse of beauty,
That with pure and vivid rays,
Lights again his wasted memories
With the joys of happier days.
Not forgotten, not unheeded,
Are the magic spells of art,
Through the senses swiftly gliding,
Soon they reach the inmost heart;
Waking all the gentler feelings,
That have slumbered long alone,
And the world's harsh discord tuning,
To a calmer holier tone!
Ah! 'tis well to scatter freely,
Waiting till they spring again,
Thus the precious seeds of beauty,
Broadcast in the hearts of men;
Who may know how rich the harvest
That their silent growth shall claim,
In the loftier thoughts of virtue,
And the nobler deeds of fame!

JACQUES DU MONDE.

New York Courier and Inquirer.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

FRASER—GORDON.—At Edinburgh, on the 30th April, the Rev. A. C. Fraser, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, New College, Edinburgh, to *Jemima Gordon*, daughter of the late William Dyce, Esq., M.D., of Aberdeen.
MONEY—BURDETT.—On the 27th April, at Trinity Church, Chelsea, by the Lord Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. R. Burgess, the Rev. James Drummond Money, of Sternfield-rectory, Suffolk, to *Clara Maria*, fourth daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

DEATHS.

BLAINVILLE.—On Wednesday, May 1, suddenly, in his 73rd year, M. Ducrotay de Blainville, member of the Academy of Sciences in its Section of Anatomy and Zoology, and the successor of Cuvier in the chair of Comparative Anatomy at the Museum of Natural History. M. de Blainville was found dead in a railway-carriage on the Rouen road, on his way to England.
CARTWRIGHT.—At Stockholm, Sir Thomas Cartwright, Her Majesty's envoy at the Court of Sweden. Sir Thomas had attained his fifty-fourth year, and had passed thirty-six years in the diplomatic service.
LUSSAC.—At Paris, last week, aged 71, Guy Lussac, the famous chemist, and peer of France, after a long and painful illness.
MEYERVAL.—In France, aged 73, Baron Meyerval, the well-known private Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon, and known also as the author of more than one historical work.
VAUGHAN.—On the 5th May, at his house, in Fenchurch-street, William Vaughan, Esq., F.R.S., in his 93th year.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART, Published between April 14, and May 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ART.

A Portrait of Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, of Liverpool. 7s. 6d. Lithograph.

BIOGRAPHY.

Half Hours with the best Authors. Part 1. 6d.

EDUCATION.

Remarks on the present Crusade against the Educational Plans of the Committee of Council on Education. 8vo. 1s.

FICTION.

Railway Library: Longbeard, by C. Mackay. 8vo. 1s.
Popular Library: Crayon Miscellany; Sketch Book; Tales of a Traveller; Bracebridge Hall; Successors of Mahomet; Conquest of Granada. 1s. each.
Sin and Sorrow; or, the Story of a Man of Fashion. 3 v. 31s. 6d.
Reginald Hastings, an Historical Romance, by Mr. Warburton. 3 v. 31s. 6d. 2nd edit. revised, with new Preface.
Last Days of Pompeii, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., with Frontispiece, by Hablot K. Browne. cl. 8vo. 3s. 6d.; half-morocco, 6s.
Saint James's, or the Court of Queen Anne, an Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. Bds. fc. 8vo. 1s.; cl. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wilson's Description of the New Royal Exchange, including an Historical Sketch of the former edifices; and a brief memoir of Sir T. Gresham, Knt. 1 vol. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Imperial Cyclopaedia. Division 1.—Geography of the British Empire. Part 1. Super Royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
National Cyclopaedia. Vol. 10. cl. 8vo. 5s.
National Edition of Shakspeare. Vol. 2.—Studies of Shakspeare. cl. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Tomkins's (S.) Hulsean Prize Essay. 8vo. bds. 7s. 6d.
Maitland's (Rev. Dr.) Ervian Essays, on Nature, History, &c. fe. 7s. 6d. 2nd Edit.
Beale's (Dr.) Analysis of Palmer's Origines. fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MUSIC.

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